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THE AUTHORS

DR. CHARLES SILVERSTEIN, Ph.D. (Psychology), is currently director of the Institute for Human Identity, New York, an independent counseling center that focuses on the particular problems of gay and bisexual people. He is also editor of the *Journal of Homosexuality* and a consultant at Rutgers and Princeton. Of Dr. Silverstein's recent book, *A Family Matter: A Parent's Guide to Homosexuality*, *Publishers Weekly* says, "This is the most compassionate approach to the subject."

EDMUND WHITE has contributed articles and reviews to *New York Times*, *Newsweek*, *The New Republic*, *The Nation*, *The Village Voice*, *Poetry*, *The Washington Post*, *The New York Times*, etc. He is currently conducting a seminar in creative writing at Yale.

THE ILLUSTRATORS

MICHAEL LEONARD, one of the illustrators of Dr. Alex Comfort's *A Good Age*, has had several exhibitions in Europe and his first American show in New York this spring.

JAN BECK is well-known in England for his magazine illustrations, and his film sets.

JULIAN GRADDON, a noted professional illustrator, is a member of the Association of Illustrators.

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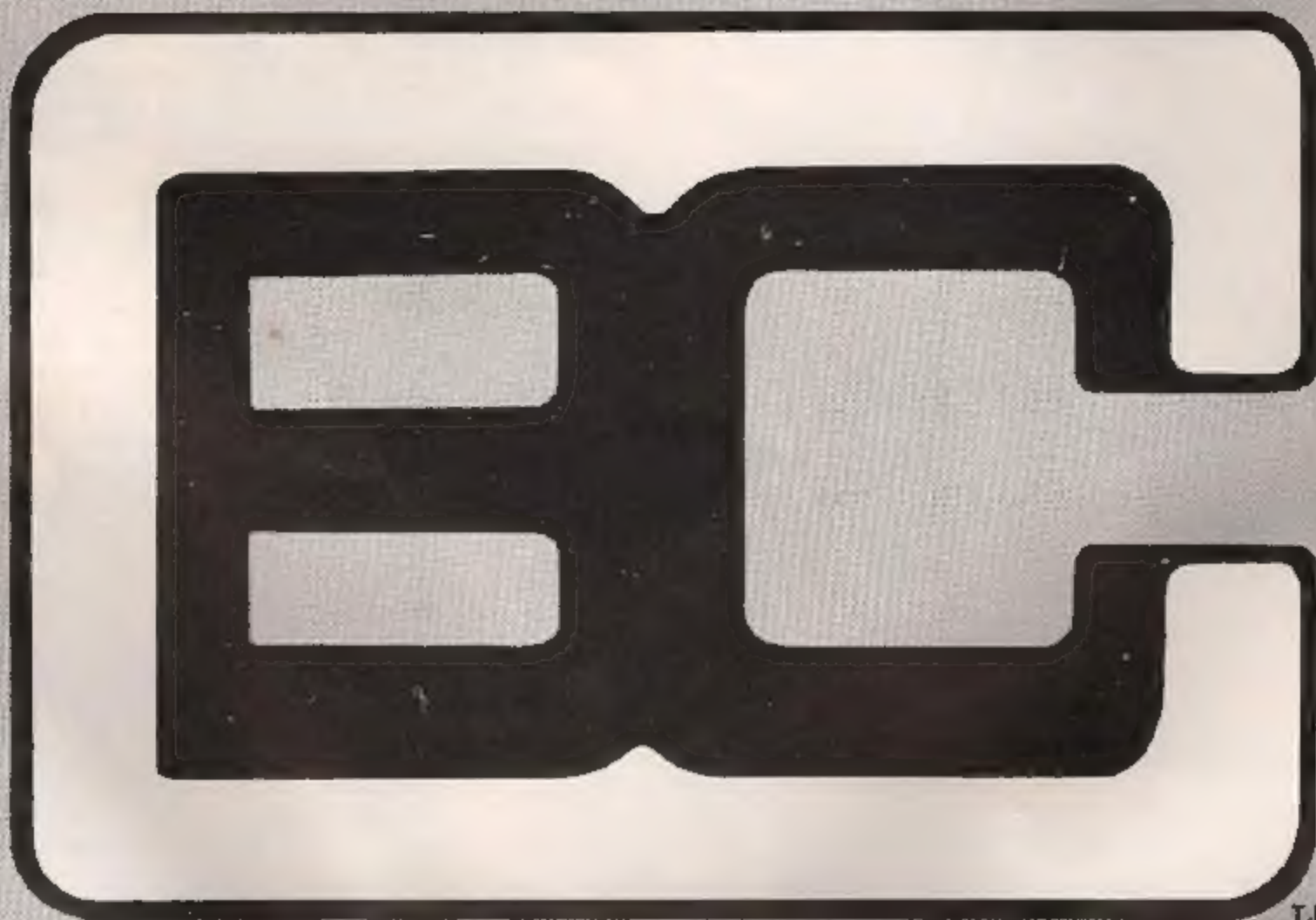
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DRUMMER



"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."
Henry David Thoreau



AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

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DRUMMER

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MALECALL/ Dear Sir:

I want to thank you for sending out issue No. 14 so fast. The mail must of screwed up the 1st one or maybe the mailman is into leather.

Issue No. 15 of Drummer was by far the best yet — keep the same coming.

How about a glossary on CB words, listing CB codes, just as you list bars.

Yours in Leather
Bill

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER FROM THE 18 WHEELER

Issue 15 of Drummer was as usual good, and hoo-ray for A. Jay. His cover was excellent. The CB Story . . . well . . . so-so.

Perhaps you read about The 18 Wheeler in a previous issue of the Advocate or the Informant. You might be interested to know we've been at it now over a year and have a half thousand readers. We are very limited and cater to only those who like the truck scene. Most think it's still nice to have something that sticks to its original aim rather than to go glossie and make a buck.

We've tried to stick to something for every one and the story on page 12 could be of interest to the Drummer guys. What is best liked about it, according to the comments, is the style without the usual fancy crap that seems to be necessary for many writers. No P.H.D is necessary nor a Funk and Wagnell.

Keep up the good work and you're getting better each time.

John W. Dagion, Editor
The 18 Wheeler

MISPLACED LEATHERMAKER

In the last couple of issues that I've seen, you've listed "The Leathermaker" of Los Angeles in your "men's Bar Scene" and not in your "Drummer Shopper."

Since you can't get a drink at The Leathermaker but can get the best-made and most imaginative leather garb this side of the Atlantic, don't you think it would help your readers to switch the listing? Go on, do it: you know you'd rather switch than fight.

Thanks for your mag. It's hard to find in New Hampshire, but worth the search.

Cordially,

Larry
Lebanon, N.H.

Your magazine is a bargain at twice the price. But why not do something on the late great Yukio Mishima? He had a great body as well as the twisted spirit of the Samurai, and he was fond of being photographed in all his savage glory. So why not consider it?

Scaramouche

DRUMMER 6

BREECHES & BOOTS

Please add my voice to those of Pierce of San Francisco, Issue No. 14, also that of Don, (No. 12) in their plea for a greater coverage of RIDING BREECHES & BOOTS in future issues of DRUMMER.

For as long as I can remember I have had a 'love affair' with BREECHES, for me they are more than just a very sexy piece of clothing. Men who wear breeches



NATIONAL ENQUIRER THROWOUT (UP)

I'm sure too many readers who get DRUMMER might not also see the NATIONAL ENQUIRER. This article is sick and leads their large distribution into thinking some very sick thoughts. It also adds fuel to A. Bryant's campaign. If you have a lawyer it might be well to suggest possible suit. If you don't, can't the gay community or some civil rights group counter such misinformation. Education to the public of people's choices of behaviour might be better than more hate. I fear this whole homosexual thing is going to get way out of hand and it would be best to start to counter attack now, before it is too late.

John
L.A.

ED: The article referred to is an amateurish double page spread by Malcolm Boyes and Barbara Sternigin a recent issue of the sleazy tabloid "National Enquirer." It is a poorly thrown together potpourri of old newspaper accounts, L.A.P.D. press releases and scuttlebutt. It is a sniggering, hypocritical account of sex and drugs in Hollywood, and includes some L.A. P.D. bullshit about the Leather Fraternity Slave Auction. Without such subjects, either real or imagined, the Enquirer would have little to publish or reason for being.

AND WET LEVIS, TOO.

Your magazine gets better with every issue. I especially liked your article on Boots and Shoes. How about one on Wet Levis?

Keep up the good work.

R.P.
Dallas, TX

are men apart, the ultimate in sexuality.

So Mr. Editor, don't ignore this plea from this breeched, booted member of the Leather Fraternity.

Yours in BREECHES
Patrick

"AFFIRMATIVE S&M . . . A POSITIVE APPROACH"

My thanks to DRUMMER for your excellent Robert Payne interview with John Rechy, S&M critic and author of "The Sexual Outlaw."

Mr. Rechy has a fine and sensitive intellect, and I await the day when he will break through some of his personal problems in S&M and contribute an in-depth study that will help us all. In the meantime, I would like to contribute a few respectful suggestions as to where he might begin looking for the solutions he seeks. (I write as a senior member of the S&M community in San Francisco.)

I think Mr. Rechy puts himself on two dead-end roads in the interview: (1) when he says, "Put S&M in the realm of fantasy, because most of it is charade . . ." and (2) when he says, "I'm involved in a ritual of self-hatred, gay self hatred." I address this letter to these two points, and then I add a comment on censoring our fantasies.

(1) Should S&M be put in the realm of fantasy?

As I see it, fantasy is a component of much S&M, but S&M goes much deeper than the realm of fantasy.

S&M is a type of communication. The messages being communicated are

related to domination and submission. These usually involve an affirmation of one's existence and one's personally-perceived role or status.

The fantasies (some deservedly criticized by Mr. Rechy) are only the clothing that an individual puts on these messages of domination and submission. The fantasies he chooses will depend on his private perception of authority figures. One individual may honestly think "everybody loves a cop . . ." Another may hate "the cops who entrap. . ." The basic material of domination and submission is in both fantasies, but the images the individuals choose to groove on, will vary or contradict.

Let's not chop down the whole forest because some of the trees are poison oak.

You will find domination and submission at all levels of S&M expression — from leather domination and bondage, to flagellation, brands, and blood scenes. I suppose domination and submission are deeply rooted in all societies and animal "peck-orders" even going back to the amoeba. In a human consensual S&M relationship, the contract to dominate or submit seems to fulfill certain basic emotional needs that some of us have. If the relationship is consensual, it is moral. If it is not consensual, it is rape. John Rechy would agree.

I think individuals engaged in S&M are seeking affirmation and confirmation of their most basic concepts of reality — and how they relate to this "reality," to society, and to themselves.

For some persons, S&M seems to be therapeutic. It defuses energy that might otherwise be spent in game-playing and power trips that warp and twist relationships with friends, associates, customers, and fellow-employees. If you've worked in an office, you've seen examples of S&M frustration that can equal scenes of sexual frustration. S&M energy will break through. Better to channel this energy into an honest S&M consensual expression, than to game-play with unwilling friends and associates.

I agree with Mr. Rechy, that felony examples of S&M rape are rare. If Mr. Rechy has worked in an office or store, however, I'm sure he's observed daily examples of minor rapes of mind and feelings. I would like to think that S&M people do less of this.

Other persons into S&M seem to be engaged in acting out a basic need to restore balance in their life role or their personal view of themselves. For example, the too-dominant museum director or business man may seek to be a slave in S&M fantasy. This may give him a sense of restored balance in his life, or it may establish an area in his life where he can be passive and dominated for balance, respite, or recompense. The need for this often amounts to a compulsion.

I do not say that all S&M persons are sick and need S&M as therapy. As I observe the scene, most persons are into S&M in order to heighten their pleasure, to actualize or explore their fantasies, to put themselves in tune with their own subjective climate (reality as they perceive it) . . . and/or . . . for fun. S&M is exhilarating fun . . . and mystery . . . and

exploration . . . and adventure.

We also seek a true S&M "high."

One of the great things about the S&M scene is the vastly prolonged concentration of human attention and intense communication. The messages of domination and submission are compelling and all-enveloping . . . They cannot be denied. What a trip . . . to have this intense giving and sharing . . . and to have it go on for hours or days!

This gift cannot be given absent-mindedly or from habit. The roles, the reality . . . these are acknowledged and clear, for pain confirms existence, and by transference, pain confirms reality. Both the giver and the receiver are active. The receiver becomes the giver as the energy rebounds. Then giver and receiver in their complete giving and acceptance, transcend to a plane — a high — where they float . . . The existence, the world they have created between them, is confirmed in total awareness. This becomes a reserve of strength and peace and energy for hours, for days.

It doesn't always happen. It may happen in a greater or lesser degree. It may be only a striving . . . but it is there as a goal.

This is an experience and a strength.

This is more than a fantasy.

(2) Mr. Rechy says, "I'm involved in a ritual of self-hatred, gay self-hatred." This tells us that he is acting out his S&M roles from an attitude or mind space of "I'm not okay" . . . or . . . "You're not okay." I think this puts him on a dead-end road for progress and growth in S&M.

Mr. Rechy has a lot of company on this road. I've run into a lot of guys who are on this same put-down or self-destructive trip. They may want you to put them down because this is their basic feeling about themselves: "I'm no good. I should be rejected. My lover was right in kicking me out . . . I'm not okay . . ." Or they may be bent on putting you down — proving that their partner or their parent or the world around them is no good: "You're a part of this lousy world and you're a lousy top . . . everything is a mess of crap . . . and you're not okay . . ."

Basically, I cannot play this game with them. It doesn't go anywhere. I refuse to let them dominate me by sucking me into their game. I cannot be used to confirm their self-hatred. I don't care how badly a bottom has performed in a scene, he still gets an accepting embrace before he leaves and a "Hope that we can play again . . . after all, it takes two or three scenes before we learn each other . . . don't expect too much from yourself the first time." Maybe I'm a hypocrite, but I know that rejection, even courted rejection, is destructive to us both.

What I'm trying to say is, I think the only constructive attitude of persons into heavy S&M is a mind space that involves two messages: "I'm okay" and "You're okay."

Perhaps for survival, heavy S&M has to be a mutually accepting and affirming trip. You can call it acceptance through suffering; acceptance despite the pain I've given; acceptance through transference, sublimation, catharsis — but

always acceptance.

Paradoxically, you can dominate and even humiliate a willing M, without putting him down or rejecting him . . . the secret is to understand his limits and his needs.

As a basic rule: "No top is mature in S&M unless he has the greatest respect, reverence, and even affection for his bottom. A true top treasures a good bottom and works like hell to turn him on. After all, the more turned on the bottom is, the better the games will be. In fact, a top can't play at all without a bottom man . . . and a good bottom man, at that." (The foregoing is a secret, and please don't tell anyone I told you.)

Mr. friend, Don M. in New York, used to say . . . "They bitch about how few good top men there are . . . well, I'll tell you, there are just as few good, heavy bottoms . . ."

Now for a few comments on the fantasy problem.

I agree in theory with Mr. Rechy regarding the theoretical destructiveness of explicitly negative put-down fantasies and self-hatred fantasies. (At the same time, I wonder how far this destructiveness really goes. Is it mainly a theoretical and a public relations problem? I'll have to do some more observing and thinking about this.)

I believe the fantasy problem should pretty much solve itself when our basic S&M messages are the accepting ones of "I'm okay and you're okay."

Not all the dominant fantasy roles are destructive of the corresponding submissive roles, even in our contemporary culture. Fantasies also can be drawn from epochs and cultures where pain was an initiation into manhood and even death brought transfiguration. (I do not advocate snuff games.) Fantasies can be drawn from the hunt and from the animal world. (What is the message of our bodies sheathed in black leather?)

As I am drawn into heavier games, I find it is possible and even desirable to play without explicit fantasies: to play the scene which is *here and now* between two real people, and to admire the ritualistic art in timing, execution, meshing of needs and the beauty of the setting, apparel, bodies, and the complete giving.

As to censoring our fantasies . . .

Have we become so paranoid?

The forbidden character of the fantasy used to be half the fun.

I mourn the irony — These are sad days when the author of "The Sexual Outlaw" must (in effect) tell us: you must begin censoring and policing your fantasies . . . you must begin examining your fantasies for their social consciousness, conscience, and responsibility . . .

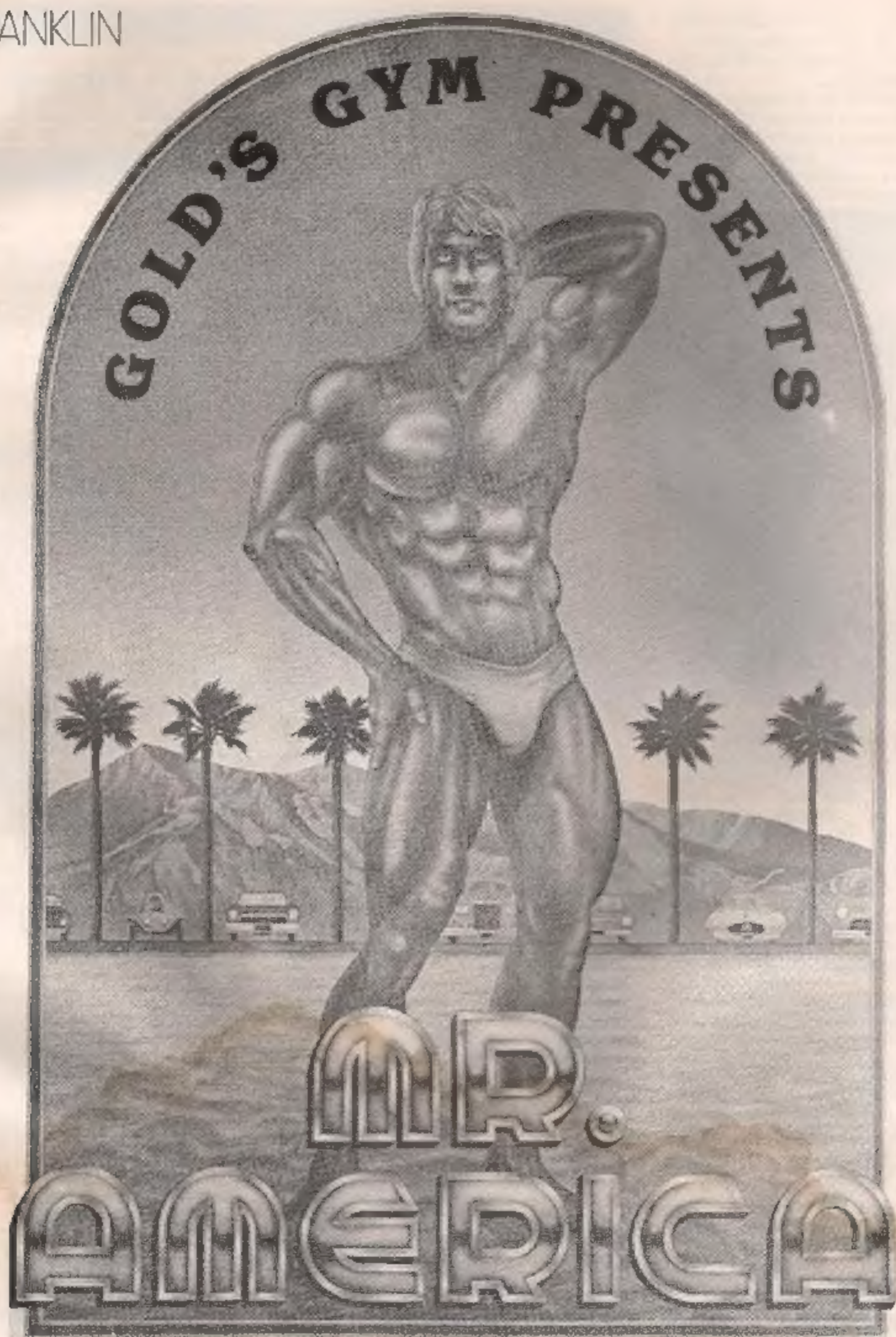
If this is true, then I must say: "1984 we are here . . . Joe McCarthy and Anita Bryant, you have triumphed . . . Even my outlaw fantasies are now forbidden to me."

John Rechy may be right about this, but . . . how sad.

"S"incerely,
Jim K.

Continued on page 65.

ED FRANKLIN



THE MA(S)KING OF MR. AMERICA

DRUMMER 5



That annual gay rip-off known officially as the "Mr. America Competition" was held in California last July 16 at the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium, and its nervous-nellie sponsors were as paranoid as ever in their faussy attempts to disassociate the entire enterprise from any taint of homosexuality. Blatantly nipping at the hands that feed them, their treatment of gay press representatives — photographers as well as journalists — was just this side of hostile.

A rather pathetic attempt at heterosexual legitimization pervaded everything from promotion to production. Advance ads in the straight press announced "a full-scale Mr. America Parade" for 11AM on the big day, emphasizing "Entertainment for the entire family" (italics ours) with "bodybuilders, floats, bands, elephants and more." Well, the tacky actuality did, indeed, boast a clutch of adolescent elephants, bearing on their broad

backs a bevy of bikini-clad bodybuilders who grinned self-consciously at TV cameras and waved warily at the baffled bystanders.

Dominating print announcements ("Concept: David Weisman"), was the drawing of a big-basketed golden boy with over-idealized musculature whose pose — one hand on hip and the other touching blondined locks — parodied that of the stereotyped primping pansy. In the background, divided by grills of expensive sports cars, were five eruptingly phallic palm trees. Just who in the hell, the question rises unbidden, did they think would be turned on by this transparent appeal?

Also writ large in those ads was the fact that tickets ("Afternoon Performances \$5 — Evening Finals \$10) were on sale at "GOLD'S GYM" — that mecca of masochists owned and managed by Ken ("Dakota") Sprague, former Colt model

and hard-core sex film star whose on-screen performances with Jim Cassidy led one critic to call them "the Nelson Eddy and Jeannette MacDonald of the Gay films" without specifying which was who (although Sprague played the more passive role). Tickets were indicated as also being available at "the following Big 5 stores," which elected for anonymity so far as their names were concerned: only addresses were listed.

The "competition" itself suffered from the same schizophrenia that inform the overall field of bodybuilding (if not athletics in general throughout 1970's media-happy America). Is this sport or show biz? Because of the awesome physical energy expended by participants in preparing for this event, one would be inclined to consider it a sport; but the ultimate "performance" (their own designation), with its bright lights, oiled bods, and general hoopla (floats?),



is the very essence of presentational exhibitionism.

Utterly repressed throughout it all were any indications of the gay support without which none of this circus would have been possible. David Carter, who, close to the scene as he is certainly ought to know, stated flatly in his recent book, *The Iron Game*, that "the gay community either directly or indirectly, almost completely supported the existence of high-level bodybuilding," particularly in the case of wealthy gays as "patrons" of participants whose lengthy training schedules make difficult any regular income-producing jobs other than as "models" or "escorts."

This is not meant to imply, in any way, that all professional bodybuilders

and/or Mr. America (or whatever) contestants are either hustler or homosexuals (although the facts show many of them so to be). Arnold Schwarzenegger has been at pains to assert his heterosexual orientation: "I have suffered from being stereotyped so I feel for what it is like to be gay" is one of his more quoted statements on the subject. Persistently echoing public proclamations by others active in the field almost force on one Gertrude's remark (in *Hamlet*) about the lady who "doth protest too much."

Nevertheless, the 1977 spectacle was held, with the customary assortment of voyeurs, vamps, votaries, and visionaries in obedient attendance. Named overall winner was 31-year-old David

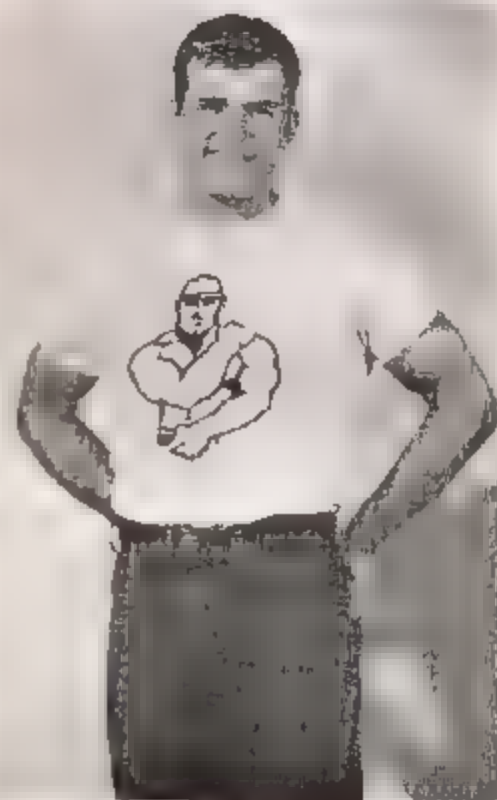


Johns, a black Los Angeles probation officer. The award was made by 83-year-old Mae West (and just who, for God's sake, do they think comprise the bulk of fans for this all-time Queen of Camp?) On presenting the trophy, the virgin and white-gowned Miss West eyed triumphant Johns carefully from head to foot, and back again, before cooing, "Oooo, a magnificent male!"

At least our Mae had the guts to make an acknowledgment of who, in that place at that time, was doing what to whom.



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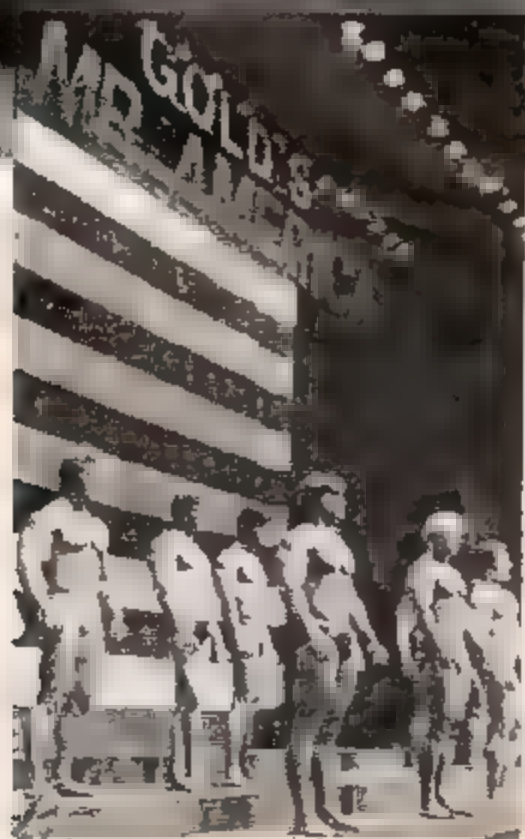
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is the very essence of presentational exhibitionism.

Utterly repressed throughout it all were any indications of the gay support without which none of this circus would have been possible. David Carter, who, close to the scene as he is certainly ought to know, stated flatly in his recent book, *The Iron Game*, that "the gay community either directly or indirectly, almost completely supported the existence of high level bodybuilding," particularly in the case of wealthy gays as "patrons" of participants whose lengthy training schedules make difficult any regular income-producing job other than as "models" or "escorts."

This is not meant to imply, in any way, that all professional bodybuilders

and/or Mr. America (or whatever) contestants are either hustler or homosexuals (although the facts show many of them so to be). Arnold Schwarzenegger has been at pains to assert his heterosexual orientation: "I have suffered from being stereotyped so I feel for what it is like to be gay" is one of his more quoted statements on the subject. Persistently echoing public proclamations by others active in the field almost force on one Gortrud's remark (in *Hamlet*) about the lady who "doth protest too much."

Nevertheless, the 1977 spectacle was held, with the customary assortment of voyeurs, vamps, votaries, and visionaries in obedient attendance. Named overall winner was 31-year-old David

THE ALL NEW LEATHERMAN'S GUIDE!

Bruce Werner

GUIDE TO S&M: PART I
(Ambiance, Equipment, Organization,
How to get him home and into the rack)

Okay, so you want to get into S&M? If I can't talk you out of it, the only thing left to do is make sure you don't screw it up completely. I'm fairly sure you're not going to become a modern-day Marquis de Sade, but with a little work and a lot of training, you might just be a passable lay. For starters, let's concentrate on the easy stuff: Ambiance, basic equipment, organization, and how to make them believe you're serious in the bar.

Ambiance and equipment kind of go hand in hand. That is to say, a few whips casually arrayed on the coffee table can go a long way toward setting up the kind of atmosphere you need to get your trick into the right frame of mind once you get him out of the bar and through the front door (I'll get into that in a bit). However, no matter how many pounds of nasty-looking devices you've got laying around the house, it's going to be very hard for your prospective top or bottom to really get into the whole trip if he finds himself in a replica of Scarlet O'Hara's main house at Tara.

That means no stuffed animals (I don't care if your mother DID give it to you), no lacey curtains, and most definitely no quilts, even if their basic color scheme is brown. The idea is to provide an atmosphere that lends itself to the scene. Try painting all the interior walls, including the windows, flat black. In the bath, you might try ripping out all the conventional plumbing fixtures and installing a trough large enough to hold two adults and a Great Dane. If that's too much work, a simple shortcut is to hotwire the shower. (Remember to put

the switch in a spot where you won't accidentally hit it during watersports — or else the big thrill you give your trick could be a real knockout.)

So tear down the satin and velvet draperies, hide the porcelain figurines, put the fine china and crystal out of sight, replace the rose-pattered wallpaper with a simple chain link motif, toss out the cut flowers, replace the Tahitian Bridal Veil plant with a nice healthy *Monstera deliciosa* and you will find you've not only changed your environment but probably your own outlook on life as well. The neighbors will think you're crazy, but what's more important, community relations or a good lay?

One last word here. Don't forget those little accessories that can make such a difference. Install a shelf over the bed where you can keep such necessary items as barf bags, smelling salts, the first aid kit, and so forth. A half-filled spittoon at the foot of the bed can add a nice touch. Refrain from cleaning the bathroom until the sink begins to move by itself. Get a granite bedspread, but remember it stains easily.

Fine. Now the house is ready. Let's move on to equipment. Handcuffs are about the most basic piece any self-respecting sadist or masochist should have around the place. There are a couple of reasons that make a set of cuffs so important. First, they are very utilitarian. They can be snapped on quickly and easily, a real asset, especially if your bottom is bigger or faster than you. Restraining his hands will definitely slow him down, making it more difficult for him to (A) fight back too much, or (B) chicken out. It can give you that few extra minutes to talk things over before he runs screaming down the back stairs. Second, they make a terrific accent for almost any costume you want to be seen in when you hit the bars. Usually, they are worn with one cuff dangling demurely from the back pocket. (Remember, the side on which one wears them can make a good deal of difference, and local customs differ from place to place. If in doubt, carry them in your jock until you can check with the bartender.) An attractive alternate is to loop one through each front belt loop of your levis, forming a kind of belt ornament. You'll also notice that, if the lighting is properly done, they will be the center of attraction and most people won't notice how small your basket really is. I do not recommend wearing one through the ear as an earring, nor do I particularly care for the custom of wearing both on one wrist as a bracelet — tacky.

Amyl nitrate is also a pretty basic piece of equipment. I call it that simply because it is something you go out and buy, rather than something you acquire with experience. Amyl has many uses, and most of them are good for you. It will give you the courage to go into the bar the first time with that ridiculous outfit, and stay there a while after you've finally made it. It will also calm your doubts about your own ability to go through with what you've begun — like when you're past the c-bow and he still wants more. It can also be a great help in calming your trick's fears, most especially after he finds out you've NEVER done this before. Besides, it's a quick pick-me-up the next morning when you still have to go to work, no matter how crummy you feel.

Cock rings come in many forms these days. It used to be so simple. There was leather and there was metal. You got whichever you liked the best. Nowadays, there are the ones made of rubber, the ones with the little pricklers on the inside (doesn't that hurt?), those with ball harnesses and hooks from which to hang weights, or a boot, or a Volkswagen. I've even seen one that was wired to a battery pack and activated with a button on the belt buckle (oh my). I guess the key here is to find one that feels good, or not so good, depending on just which end of S&M you want to come into. It is important, but remember that one man's good fit is another man's loss of circulation.

Cock rings are also good for dramatic flair in public. You can flash one subtly in the john when you take a piss, kind of letting the rest of the boys know that you're more than just another piece of fluff. When you get to the point of dropping your pants, try to position yourself so that the light glints off the thing and your trick will know he's got himself a real hot cock for the night. Never forget, visual impact is half the battle in this game.

Tit clamps are pretty important, or so they tell me. Personally, they don't do a thing for me, which is a rotten, dirty, crummy shame. Do you know what it's like, going around

missing a couple erogenous zones? But, that's another story . . . Like the cock ring, there are all kinds of tit clamps around these days. I find it most useful to have several different kinds, so that whatever my friend for the night is into is what he gets. I seem to have the best luck with those that have flat gripping surfaces, which hold the nipple in place through pressure. These can be very simple, hardly more than a spring-loaded ring of steel, or they can be quite complex, involving little set screws that slowly increase the pressure. Avoid the latter. They can be a real pain in the ass if you're drunk, stoned, or covered with heavy duty 10-40 all purpose Quaker State. The other kind of tit clamp is the one that has the little teeth on it. Those remind me of electrical connectors, probably because that's really what they are, only they're in drag. This type is pretty much reserved for the hard core who've been around the track a few times. One easy way to tell whether he prefers smooth surface or toothed surface is by the shape of his nipples. If they're small and only slightly bruised, he's probably a smooth surface man. If on the other hand, they're over an inch long and covered with scars or still healing wounds, he's most likely a toothed surface fellow. This is, of course, a generalization.

Next on the list is something to tie him down, or up, or over, or whatever the hell. Leather thongs are probably the best here. They're relatively cheap, come in a variety of lengths, and have a nice leathery smell to them which adds a lot to the experience. You've already spent so much money by this time that you're hardly in a position to go out and buy a set of leathers, too, so get your smells as best you can. The main thing to remember with leather thongs is that they shrink. So if you find yourself in a water trip, remember to loosen his bindings from time to time, or else you'll end up sending him home with purple hands — and that's considered inconsiderate by even the heaviest bottom.

If you can't manage to get hold of thongs (in the boonies, some people refer to them as shoelaces — no class), you'll just have to make do. Clothesline works quite well here, although you should run it through the washer a few times with plenty of bleach, to soften it up, then piss all over it and leave it in a tightly closed container for six to eight months to give it the proper smell and texture. If you find yourself in a bind (uh, sorry) and don't have any of the usual restraints when you need them (don't you just hate people who drop in without even a call first?), then use your imagination and make do. Just about any kind of cord you have around the house will do in a pinch, including electrical extension cords, or any other electrical cord for that matter. Remember though, if he makes a run for it, he may end up dragging two lamps and the television set right out the front door with him in the process. Even a couple ties will work, but if you must go this desperate length, avoid bright prints and paisleys. Use a solid color or maybe a rep stripe to add a touch of class.

One item you don't have to buy, unless you're into suspenders, is a belt. That's right, a plain old, ordinary belt is a very basic part of your S&M set up. A wide one, three inches at least, preferably black, is the best. I must caution you that, like the clothesline, it should be worn for a year or so before using it on your number, so that it has the proper flex and snap. Honestly, any kind of belt will work, providing it's leather or at least a good grade of vinyl. If it's got a Gucci or Pierre Cardin buckle, though, cup your hand over it as you swing, keeping it out of sight. Nobody wants to get beaten by a tag.

A few candles should be on hand, too. Your trick might be a little unwilling at first, but if you introduce them to him properly, he'll be loving it and screaming with joy in no time. Don't forget to hold the candle well above his body at first, so that the wax has a proper falling time to cool before it strikes his skin. You might practice this a little on your own tits and balls in private before you go public, so to speak. Be careful though, or you'll get so involved with practice that you'll forget to go out at all.

Finally, we come to what is very, very basic: The lubricant. There are several kinds, and each has its own place. While KY might be just fine for an ordinary fuck, you'll find that with prolonged screwing it has a tendency to dry up and become a detriment to the smooth sliding of your arm, boot or umbrella. Vaseline Intensive Care is fine for the lightweight stuff, anything under twenty inches penetration or so, and does remain wet and slippery with prolonged use — unless

you've got terribly dry skin. You might also pick up a jar of Noxema for a change. It has a certain cooling property that is not unlike Vicks Vaporub (more about that in the Advanced Lessons). If you're going for the deep penetrations (beyond the shoulder, past the knee), I think you can't beat Crisco. Not only is it strong and extremely long-lasting, it's completely digestible and low in calories. Probably biodegradable, too. Really though, they should do something about the way they package it — looks like it belongs in your kitchen instead of next to the bed.

Okay. Now you've got your basic S&M kit together. You're sitting there, considerably poorer, but ready to go. Before you casually toss it all into the top drawer of your dresser and go out looking for a big stud, I have to give you a few tips about organization. This is very important, so pay attention. There is nothing worse in this world than meeting some adorable beast in a bar who seems like a good candidate for a nice heavy scene, only to find out once you get back to his place that he's totally disorganized. You end up lying there on the bed, sniffing poppers and leafing through his pornography while he tries to untangle his leather thongs from his tit clamps. Then he drops a ten pound ball weight on his foot and you spend the next six hours in the emergency room at St. Lukes while they set the broken bones and he makes dumb excuses for the way he's dressed. Dul.

No, if you want it all to come off properly once you get him home, you've got to be ready. You have to know right where everything is, and not be clanking around looking for it. He might not be so hot for the handcuffs and bondage and you'll find yourself moving right into the hot wax. You had better be able to reach into the drawer and find candles and a match quickly, before he changes his mind.

A ringing things alphabetically won't work. While Amyl is probably one of the first things you'll need, you're liable then to find yourself feeling around in the dark for the Nine Gates of Hell and pull out the Nupercainyl instead. (I told you! That's in the Advanced Section . . .) I have put those things closest to the bed that are the most popular in my experience. It goes like this, as I remember: Amyl, handcuffs, leather thongs, tit clamps, harnesses, silk panties (never mind), gags, hoods, and so forth.

I should also point out here that you ought to have a night stand that is certified for at least six hundred pounds standing weight. If you really want to do this properly, Mies has space for everything, including the Harley. Unfortunately, the floor is beginning to buckle.

Finally, we come to the single most important thing you're going to need: A NUMBER. S&M, done alone is fun in a way, but for most of us not really satisfying. So let's get into a few tips on technique. Not in bed, but pre-bed. That is, in the bar, in the car, in the living room. You have to get them out of public and into the bedroom before the real fun can begin. First, what to do and not to do in the bar.

Remember, the bar is a public arena. This is the place where you're combatting all those other silly fairies for the only good looking hunk that's walked in all night. If they get the upper hand, or if you falter even for a moment, then the battle is lost. It's all a matter of good advertising, don't forget that. Try thinking of yourself as a box of candy, sitting there on the shelf with all the others. What is going to make him come over and pick up your box, and not the others? He'll do it because you're the most attractive box in the place.

Among the things you shouldn't do: Talk too much (try not talking at all, just stand there and drink your beer — it may kill you, but it'll be worth it), move your hands (keep the one that isn't holding your beer stuffed in your pocket, no matter what — more than one hot trick has been lost by a limp wrist), laugh (under any circumstances — try biting your tongue until it bleeds as an alternative), breathe.

Things you should do: Stand tall (shoulders back, stomach in, legs straight — and if you're not at least six feet two, grow), take very large gulps of beer (he'll think you're either into water sports or a drunk, and either one is very butch), look mean (if you're uncertain as to just how to do this, try eating your beer bottle), glow in the dark (no, a day-glo pink motorcycle cap is not the answer to this), snarl and claw the wall.

If you manage to pull all that off, you've got a pretty good chance of getting Mr. Wonderful at least out of the bar. Once

you've done that, don't blow it. Uh, that is to say, don't fuck it up. Just because you've gotten him away from those other hungry queens, the battle is only partly won. This is the time when you've got to be extra careful. If you make even a tiny mistake during the ride home, it can put the kibosh on the whole thing. He doesn't know you from Adam, and is probably trying to figure out just what kind of a dingdong he's gotten involved with THIS time. Your object here is to put him at ease. So do nothing that will get him edgy. You have to at least act like you're very together now.

If you smoke, ask him first, so that he'll realize what a considerate person you are — one who won't beat him within an inch of life without making sure it's okay first. When you take out the cigarette, try not to spill the entire pack all over your lap. And light it with the car's cigarette lighter. You know your hands will be shaking so badly the match will go out. Using a Zippo won't help either. You'll just drop it and the whole damned car will go up in flames.

Drive within the speed limit, carefully and calmly, and always yield the right of way, so he'll know that you are a mature adult who has his safety and good health in mind. Screaming obscenities out the window at that asshole who just cut you off will only frighten him. That's fine, but not until you've gotten him tied down. Talk only about him, and try to steer the conversation away from any kind of discussion of sex, kinky or otherwise. This will accomplish a couple things. For one, his ego will feel better, without making him think you only want to do unspeakable things to his body. Also, your big mouth won't make promises your body can't keep later. Finally, don't pee your pants.

Now you've gotten him out of the bar and into the living room, and all would seem ready. No quite. That final, seemingly short trip into the bedroom, bathroom, kitchen (???), or wherever, can be a long one indeed. This is ground zero, the most important point so far. What happens within the first few minutes after you get him through your front door will determine whether you're going to be on top, or whether you're going to spend yet another night pounding off.

Remember, now that you've gotten him home, DON'T PANIC. Consider every move and action before you do it. Among some real no-no's. Don't lunge (you'll scare the shit out of him and he'll probably leap out the window, simultaneously ruining your evening and your fuschias). Don't giggle (I know, you're nervous, but for crying out loud!) Do not, no matter what the little bastard does, pet the dog and/or cat. It's only natural for your pet to be a little jealous if someone else is getting the attention, but ignore it. If it won't be ignored, lock it in the basement or kill it. Don't call all your friends to tell them what a hunk of stud you brought home. Jealous bitches would probably all come right over to see and ruin everything. Don't take off all your clothes right away. As I said, he's bought the whole box of candy, so don't throw away the wrapper until you're sure he's going to like your runway center. Don't turn cartwheels.


Do take control of the situation. If he wanted to be in charge, he would have had his own car. Be assertive and calm. Show him the bedroom or whatever area it is you want to begin your play in. Keep your voice low and well modulated. That's a sure sign of a man who is unruffled and completely in charge of the situation. If your voice does quiver or crack, try gargling with Preparation H.

Offer him a beer or a joint, or better, both. That will let him know that you want to take care of him, in all the ways he likes. Be sure to hold him and caress him. That's terrifically important. Even if it's only for a few minutes, he'll realize that you're basically a loving person, warm and kind, who won't really hurt him. Or won't leave permanent scars anyway. While you're gaining his confidence, don't forget to keep on flattering him. Tell him how handsome he is, how strong and masculine. He'll like that.

Then you can take his clothes off. Unless he's wearing leather that is. Anyone who takes off his trick's chaps just doesn't deserve the rest.

Okay kid, you've got it all now. He's home, he's ready, and I hope you are. Now you can pee your pants. He might like it.

(Next time, Advanced Equipment, On The Job Training, How to tell if he's really telling the truth in the bar, and What to do until the ambulance comes.)



S&M GYM

by G.B. MISA

CHAPTER FIVE
The Third Slave

SEVEN! I bit down hard on my lower lip, drawing blood. EIGHT! My biceps felt like they were going to fall off my body. NINE! My face contorted with pain and I gasped desperately for air. TEN! The fire licked at my chest, flaming into my throat. ELEVEN! The sobs jarred at my teeth. TWELVE! I jerked the two hundred pound barbell upward with my last ounce of strength. It inched slowly upward and at last I felt the cold iron against my quivering pectoral muscles. Somehow I had completed the last curl and I dropped the barbell to the pad with a loud thump and collapsed on top of it, gasping for air.

Killer stepped closer, his legs spread wide. "Off your ass, shithead!" he snarled.

I tried to stand up but I couldn't move. His massive arm shot out, grabbing me by the hair, jerking me to my feet. My knees buckled and I dropped to the red carpet. He pulled the belt from his blue jeans with one hand and with the other he ripped off my sweat pants. He flailed away at my bare ass. I thought I couldn't move but the stinging pain brought new life to my exhausted body. I jumped up, running away from the merciless leather. "Can't move, huh? You haven't even started yet, you jerk!" His hand scratched at his mountainous chest. "C'mon, Georgie. One more set of curls!"

Somehow, some way I managed to grab the two hundred pound barbell with trembling hands. I pulled it to my waist, with my palms parallel to the ceiling. Finding the strength from some hidden source I did five repetitions but again I fell to the floor, darkness grabbing at my head for a second.

"Mr. Bay Area is a month away and look at you! Shit, you oughta enter *Miss America*, you shithead!" Killer punctuated his words by slashing the leather belt across my bare back.

It was nine o'clock in the morning and I'd been working out for three hours under the eagle eye of Killer McKenna. And still I couldn't keep my eyes away from his crotch, hoping the monster in his blue denims would get turned on by beating my naked ass.

"Keep those queer eyes of yours away from my crotch!" he yelled, and the leather belt whizzed through the air, coming down on my back and ass harder and harder. "Shit, I gotta watch you every fuckin' second!"

I got to my feet on wobbly knees. Killer had caught me red handed at five-thirty. I was smoking my morning cigarette and drinking a cup of coffee. He was always asleep at that hour but not that morning. He came storming out of the bedroom, slapping me hard across the face. "Fuck'n' poison!" he yelled. "Weakens your system!" He poured the coffee into the sink and grabbed my cigarette and smoked it himself.

When I'd become Killer's slave three months before, he'd taken my Luckies away from me. As a matter of fact, he'd taken everything away from me . . . including my clothes. I went around the gym in a pair of sweat pants. And now . . . I knew he was up to something else. I could see it in his smoldering light blue eyes.

Killer pulled at the top button of his levi's, his hand reaching down to his crotch. He scratched his balls. It always drove me wild with lust.

"Rip's bin givin' you a blow at every morning. R'ght?" he asked.

"Yes sir. He has."

"Sex is out, + 33 . . . You hear me loud and clear?"

"Yes, boss!" I wondered what in hell Killer McKenna would think of next to torture me. I didn't know how I would survive. After all, I needed sex at least three times a day just to survive.

My anger was a fire in the pit of my stomach and I went through the final hour of my workout like a bat out of hell. I did six sets of heavy squats with four hundred pounds. Then I did my half squats with six hundred pounds and zoomed through six sets. And Killer standing a few feet away, the leather belt in his hand, waiting for me to make one mistake. I was very proud of myself. I finished standing on my feet. I glanced in the mirror, posing, showing off my pecs, my biceps and my tricep muscles.

I had to admit that Killer was pushing me beyond my limits and my body was growing and changing by leaps and bounds. I was not the same kid I was three months ago when I'd met Killer. My chest had jumped to 46 inches in only two weeks from 44½ and I'd lost another half inch from my waist. With my new tricep exercise my biceps finally hit seventeen. Aldo, my legs were catching up with the rest of my body. No one could accuse me of having toothpicks for legs.

I wobbled toward the shower. Killer trailed me into the locker room still with the belt in his hand. He kept smacking his palm with it and looking at me with his smoldering eyes. "If I catch you jerking off you'll end up Slave Number Three!"

"Slave Number Three?" I blurted in surprise. What in hell was Killer talking about? There were only two slaves . . . Rip and me.

He hit me across the chest with the belt. "Sir, you fuckin' asshole!" he screamed.

"Sir!" The anger boiled out of me. "Who else is there, sir?"

"You mad at me, huh?" He laughed derisively. "You'll find out soon enough." He turned on his heel and left the locker room.

I staggered to the showers after I slipped out of my sweat pants. As I turned the hot water knob Rip Powell came zooming into the locker room. He was wearing his inevitable blue bikini with his left ball hanging out. Nervously he tucked it back into his trunks but then the other one fell out. Rip ran his hand through his thick golden hair, licking his lips nervously.

"What the fuck you starin' at?" I was still crazy mad at Killer. Me, Slave Number Three?

"Sorry, Georgie," I smiled apologetically. "Ah . . . it's just that our master told me to keep my eye on you . . . ah . . . that's all!"

"What the fuck for?" I clenched my fists.

"Well, he told me to watch you . . . see that you don't soap up your whanger and whack off in the shower."

"That son of a bitch!" I ranted. "Killer's a God damned fuckin' sadist!"

Rip roared with laughter. "You just finding that out?"

But I had to find out about the new guy. I lowered my voice. "Ah . . . Rip . . . have you seen the new one?"

"New what?" He looked honestly puzzled.

"The new slave."

I saw a shadow cross his gold flecked eyes. "Don't know what you're talkin' about?"

I turned away, realizing I couldn't trust Rip. He was lying to me. Somehow I knew he had seen the new slave. I felt the hate grabbing at my throat. What in hell was Killer up to? Was he going to make every guy in town his personal slave?

A few minutes later I was dusting the brand new furniture in the lobby. I was proud of it. Killer had bought it a couple of weeks before because I'd sold ten thousand dollars in new memberships.

Killer pulled open the door to his office. I tried to look over his broad shoulders for the new slave. Where in hell was the bastard?

"Your two hour nap . . . did you take it yet?"

"No sir, I didn't, sir."

"You gotta get your rest, asshole!" He shook his head in disgust. "How do you expect to build your muscles, you little shit?"

"Sorry, sir!" I shoved the dust rag into my back pocket, went through Killer's office and pulled at the door of the bedroom. I stopped short, doing a double take. A young man was sound asleep in Killer's big king size bed. I felt my heart

pounding and the dizziness grabbing at my head. I wanted to kill the little bastard. He was the third slave! Wow! Was he young. I don't think he was a day over eighteen. Platinum blond hair tousled down over his forehead. His cheeks were rosy red and thick blond lashes turned upward. He was so damned pretty that he looked like a girl. His thin white arm was on his stomach and the sheet was barely over his crotch, showing his fuzzy blond pubic hair.

My mind whirled insanely. What in hell was going on? Killer had never let me sleep in his bed. I had to sleep in the walk-in closet with Rip Powell. The son of a bitch!

"What the fuck you staring at?" The pain hit me in the back of the neck. My knees buckled and then I found myself on the floor of the walk-in closet. Killer slammed the door, cursing.

I flopped on my foam rubber pad on the floor. Tears of frustration ran down my cheeks. I couldn't help crying. The big son of a bitch! He probably didn't give a shit for me . . . I knew he was just using me to build up his gym. Where would he be if it weren't for me? I turned on my side, trying to block out my feelings but I couldn't go to sleep. I reached down to my dick. I pulled at it, wondering what in hell Killer was doing with the young kid. Was he really going to demote me to Slave Number Three? The door to the closet jerked open and Killer was silhouetted in the light, staring down at me, shaking his head. I pulled my hand away from my dick but I knew it was too late.

When my eyes adjusted to the light I realized that Killer was buck naked, his ten inches of uncut dick bouncing back and forth in anger. "You asked for it, Georgie!"

A few seconds later he bent over me, pulling at my arms, bringing them together behind my back. I heard the click of the handcuffs.

"Try to jerk off now, shithead!" He laughed as he slammed the door.

I squirmed my body, moving closer to the door, putting my ear to it. I concentrated on trying to hear what was going on in the bedroom. I could hear Killer's voice. It sounded gentle and kind. "That's a damned nice looking ass . . ." And then the sound of music. Killer had turned on the record player. My imagination went crazy. I visualized the kid bending over while Killer slammed his ten inches deep into his guts.

I gave up. I closed my eyes, lying on my side. After about a half hour I felt the deep entering my body. The blackness behind my lids turned to green arcs and then the distant sounds . . . barely audible . . . birds singing . . . louder now . . . the long blast of a truck horn . . . deep and low . . . the rushing smash of an 18 wheeler barreling down the highway . . . the after shock of the wind whistling and grabbing at my clothes . . . the dust blasting at my face . . . into my eyes. I'd hitched to Frisco for the ball game between the Giants and the Pirates and was on my way back to San Jose where we'd moved after Dad lost his job in Modesto.

Then I saw the silver Harley Davidson. I blinked my eyes and it streaked by me with a blast of heat that grabbed at my pant legs. I think it was going over a hundred miles an hour. Then it swerved as the leather jacketed figure slammed on the brakes and it skidded to the dirt shoulder off the road as I ran toward it.

I barely had my ass on the seat when he took off like a bat out of hell. Instinctively I grabbed the youngman around his waist and held on for dear life. In what seemed like five seconds we were zooming along the curving highway in the Santa Clara Valley at 110 miles per. The hot air felt good against my face. Two cars were directly ahead, blocking our path, but the driver didn't slow down. He rode the white line and my leg almost scraped the car on my left.

He wasn't wearing a T-shirt and my arms wrapped around his hard, bare flesh. My face pressed into his leather jacket. It was hot from the sun. I wondered if he could feel my hard-on pressing against his muscular butt.

I inched my hand up slightly, feeling his belly button and the matted hair surrounding it. Just as he negotiated a curve at 95 per he pushed my hand downward, pressing my fingers hard into the hot leather of his crotch. I felt the big knobhead and the wetness of the leather from his pre-cum.

Another roar blasted at my ears. I twisted my head and the massive blue Harley streaked toward us. It was gaining on us and our speedometer was pointing at 110 per. I took my

hand from his crotch and almost ended up a wet splat on the asphalt as he abruptly twisted off the main highway onto a dirt road and we zoomed five feet into the air. I hung on for dear life until he slowed down. We passed an orchard of cherry trees and then pulled up to a creek at the bottom of a mountain. We were in the foothills of the Santa Cruz Mountains. He jumped off his bike and took off his leather jacket.

"Fuckin' hot!" He rubbed at the sweat that ran down his barrel chest. He was a little guy, I don't think he was over five feet seven but he weighed at least 180 pounds. Muscles packed on top of muscles. He looked me over, his hands hitched into the pockets of his leather pants.

The deafening roar slammed at my head as the blue Harley screeched to a halt, tearing at the dirt. The husky blond wore tight blue jeans and heavy boots and no shirt. His thick arms were covered with tattoos . . . everything from a dancing lady to a heart with Mom in the center of it. On his chest was an eagle in flight, the wings extending from nipple to nipple. His hair was down over his shoulders and his blond beard was bleached by the sun. Jumping off his bike he walked around me. "Got a live one, Rock?"

"Looks that way, don't it?" Rock rubbed his crotch. "Got a young kid who digs dick!" Then he snapped his fingers.

Hands grabbed me from behind, jerking at my pants, slamming me to the ground. Holding my head in his huge hands, Tony stared hard at me. Rock stood motionless, leaning against a redwood tree, watching us. A huge fern trembled in the wind.

"Get outta them clothes!" Tony commanded.

Quickly I took off my blue jeans and shirt. I concentrated on my dick, trying to get it to go soft. What in hell were these guys going to do to me? I had visions of being stabbed to death and my body floating down the creek.

"Hey, Rock! The kid is queer as hell. He's got a hardon!"

And yet I couldn't keep my eyes off Rocky. His body was the personification of power. His dark hair twisted into ringlets that were almost like bangs on his forehead. His bull neck was set on massive shoulders that tapered to a flat, hairy stomach. But somehow it was the total look of Rocky that turned me on . . . from his motorcycle hat tilted arrogantly to the skin tight leather pants that were part of his body. He looked like a throwback to another time and another place. Marlon Brando in *THE WILD ONES* was a decent middle class guy in comparison to Rocky.

Rocky thrust out his chin. "How old are you, son?" His voice was almost kind.

"Sixteen, sir!"

He kicked at the redwood with his heavy motorcycle boot. "You can call me Rocky!"

"Ah . . . thank you . . . ah . . . Rocky!"

He scratched his hairy chest. "You scared of me?"

"No sir. Ah . . . no, Rocky!"

A smile touched his rugged face. He looked down at his boots. "Dirty, huh?"

It was some kind of a signal to his buddy because I felt the pressure on my neck and then I was on my hands and knees in front of Rocky. My face was pushed hard against his boots. Rocky was still leaning against the tree, smoking a cigarette. "Lick 'em, son!" he said softly.

Seemed crazy to me but I followed his orders. My lips moved across the dirty leather. Tentatively I stuck out my tongue. I glanced upward. Rocky's hand pressed hard against the black leather of his crotch, grabbing at his hardness. His eyes were half closed. "Clean them fuckin' boots!" he moaned.

Just watching his face drove me mad with passion. Now my tongue got to work. I cleaned the buckle, making it shine. Quickly I cleaned the boots and then my tongue moved down to the heel. Rocky slammed a boot into my face and I fell flat on my back. He jammed his boot down hard. I relaxed going with my feelings, licking hungrily at the filthy soles. Now he pressed the side of the boot along my cheek and hard into my chest. I began to moan softly as he ground his boots down hard against my belly and my rigid dick. "Fuckin' kid boot-licker! He loves it . . . loves it!"

Rough hands jerked me upward. Rocky slammed my head into his leather covered crotch. It was burning hot. He jammed his ass forward, wrapping his legs around me. I was inundated in hot leather that slammed into my face. My saliva dribbled all over him. It was fantastic . . . wet . . . hot .

black leather. His hands dug deep into my hair, pushing my face harder and harder against his crotch and then I felt his body going crazy . . . trembling wildly and the volcano erupted.

MY GOD . . . I'M . . . I'M FUCKIN' . . . I AM . . . SHIT . . . GOD

He held my head in his vice like grip as his body jerked crazily. Then there was silence except for the sound of the cars whizzing by on the highway. Finally Rocky ripped at the buttons of his leather pants, pulling them down, exposing his hairy crotch and thick, muscular legs. His dick was still rigid. "Clean it up, son!"

The creamy gism oozed from his oversized knobhead. Eagerly I took the hot meat into my mouth, sucking it down. Then my tongue licked at his big balls. "That's it, kid!"

He buttoned his leather pants. "You're gonna make some guy a great slave when you grow up, son!" He patted me on the head. I was surprised he didn't give me a lollipop. But, come to think of it, I guess he had.

I began to relax when a bare arm grabbed me around the neck putting me off balance. Now Rocky grabbed my legs and the sky whirled wildly, disappeared, and I was staring at the ground. I closed my eyes but then the bite of rope around my wrists and I found my face pressed into the saddlebags of the silver bike. I was hogtied to the motorcycle with my naked ass over the handlebars. I couldn't move an inch.

"Here's the axle grease, ole buddy!"

I felt the coldness slap against my bunghole and a rough finger pressing into my ass. "Hey, man, he's got a purty pink hole!"

"Fuckin' virgin asshole!" Rocky said. "I'll warm up that purty tail for you, Tony!"

Rocky jerked at his leather belt and he lifted his muscular arm over his head. I felt the pain tear at my body. I screamed bloody murder. What in hell were they going to do to me?

"Nobody can hear you, son!" Rocky laughed as his belt shot through the arm, smacking hard against my boyass. "Relax! We ain't gonna kill you . . . just gettin' our kicks . . . doin' our thing!"

"Hey, the kid marks nice!" Tattooed Tony held his dick in his hand as he ran around the bike. It was then I saw the tattoo on his prick! It was a snake! It wound around his long dick, its bullet head tattooed on the knob and its tongue came out of his pisshole!

Tony stared down at his tattooed dick. "We gonna enter the Garden of Eden!" He was talking to the snake!

The pain slammed deep into my guts as he rammed his dick into my boyass. I bit hard on the saddlebag. "Ride that virgin ass, Tony! Bust that cherry! Yahoooo!" Rocky yelled.

Was it the sun that heated the leather or what? Maybe it was being tied to the half ton of steel in the Santa Clara Valley next to the creek with the redwood trees. I don't know, but suddenly I felt a tingling sensation deep in my guts. It was something I'd never felt before, somehow more terrifying, more exciting than anything that had ever happened to me before. I pushed my ass upward, meeting the vicious strokes of Tony's tattooed dick. I could feel it slamming deep into my guts, powering my orgasm. I screamed in rapture as my gism boiled out of my balls and splattered all over the big leather seat.

My head jerked forward as huge hands grabbed my neck. I gasped for air. Were they going to kill me?

"You dumb asshole!" The voice screamed me into consciousness. I sat bolt upright, staring into Killer's eyes. They looked like flamethrowers. "You jerked off!" he screamed.

"What?" I was still in the Santa Clara Valley. I felt the sticky gism on my chest and belly.

"Two hours ago I told you no sex!" He dragged me by my hair out of the closet. The youngman with the peroxide hair was lying on the bed with a look of contempt on his hairless face. I wanted to smash his mouth.

"I . . . ah . . . I had a wet dream, sir!" I felt embarrassed with the little bastard watching the scene.

"You lying prick!" Killer opened a black leather bag. "Guess handcuffs ain't enuff for sneaky Georgie. What the fuck did you do . . . rub off on the pillow?"

"No sir, I really did have a . . ." His fist slammed into my stomach and I fell flat on my face. The handcuffs tightened around my wrists and the pain shot up my arms to my shoulders.

"Shoulda put this on you before your nap!" Killer was holding what looked like a kind of metal jock strap. Actually it was a steel cup with a foam rubber lining. Tiny hinges were attached to the cup and steel bands came out of the hinges. He slipped it around my waist with the cup directly over my cock and balls. Click! Click! The tiny lock snapped shut and my gonads were firmly encased in steel. "Be careful, kiddo, or I'll throw away the key!"

The son of a bitch had me strapped into a male chastity belt. The enormity of it smashed into my whirling head. It was still over a month before the Mr. Bay Area Contest. I would have to go a month without sex. I didn't know how I could handle it. NO SEX?

"Sir, how do I piss?"

Killer slapped me on the ass. "There's a piss hole!" He was grinning from ear to ear. "And Rip will take it off for two minutes every day . . . to clean it!"

Killer moved to the bed where the youngman was lying with the sheets to his waist. He took off his sweat pants. "Since you bin such a good boy, Georgie Porgie, I'm gonna give you a special treat. You can watch while this chicken takes care of Killer McKenna. I thought you might enjoy the show."

I felt like murdering Killer on the spot. I desperately tried to get out of the handcuffs. I tried to pull my eyes away from the young kid as he jumped out of the bed. And yet I couldn't help myself. My mouth fell open. The kid wasn't over five feet tall. He looked like a doll with his peroxide hair, china blue eyes and soft white skin. He was hairless except for a few blond strands around his medium sized dick. I wondered what in hell Killer saw in the little fart. He looked like a pretty young girl.

"Lick my balls, Rufus!" Killer lay back on the bed. He picked up a Penthouse magazine, staring at a naked blond with huge tits.

I bit down on my lip trying to stop it but I felt my dick pushing against the foam rubber of the steel cup. My eyes flicked to the young kid. I couldn't believe my eyes! The kid's mouth was bigger than Martha Raye's! He put Killer's monster balls into his mouth and I watched in fascination as he swallowed the mammoth dick. Maybe his father was a sword swallower. "God damn!" The words burst out of my mouth.

"He's a fuckin' great cocksucker!" Killer grinned triumphantly, his pale blue eyes twinkling. "Georgie, you should learn to suck dick like Rufus!"

I tried to hold back my tears of frustration but I couldn't. "Sir, may I leave the room?"

"Few minutes, Georgie Porgie." Killer spread his huge legs. "Get your tongue up my asshole, Rufus!" Killer leafed through the pages of PENTHOUSE. He held the magazine facing me. "You dig those tits, Georgie?"

Rufus was doing a great job on Killer's bung-hole. The drool oozed from his giant cockhead. "By the way, George, Rufus here is my new slave. Salvatore Rizzo sold him to me for a membership in the gym for a new member."

Now Killer dropped the magazine and wrapped his hands around his legs, giving Rufus more room to attack his asshole. Killer winked at me. "Can't make up my mind if I should make Rufus Slave Number One or not. What do you think?"

"I . . . ah . . . I . . ."

"What did you say, kiddo?"

"Ah . . . nothing, sir!"

"Rizzo says that Rufus is not only a great cocksucker but he's the best piece of ass around." He grinned from ear to ear. With one arm he lifted the teenager into the air. I stared at the kid's small ass. How in hell could Killer get his monster dick into that ass? It looked impossible.

"Closer, Georgie. I know you wanna see this!"

I moved closer despite myself as Killer spread the small cheeks of the kid's ass. The hairless hole looked like Killer could not even get his finger into it. But he didn't bother with any lubricant. He pushed the kid to his hands and knees and one second I saw the giant knobhead touching the small hole and the next . . . SH — IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE KILLER'S GIANT DICK DISAPPEARED.

I stared hard at Rufus' face. He didn't change expression. Instead he sat up, sitting on the monster dong!

"That's . . . fantastic!" Killer groaned.

Now Killer's hands moved to the boy's hips. Killer sat on

the bed with his dong imbedded in the guts of the teenager. His hands easily lifted the boy up high in the air until only the tip of Killer's dick was in his asshole, then Killer took his hands away and his shaft shot deep into Rufus' guts. He continued this procedure over and over, faster and faster.

Then he grabbed the kid behind the knees holding him in the air as he stood up, still with his dick inside the hot boyass. He held the kid in the air and rammed his dick up his ass faster and faster. His whole body jerked spasmodically as he finally fell onto the bed with the kid on top of him. He was shooting his load up the boyass. Rufus shot a load over his stomach and then I felt myself spurting into the foam rubber of the steel cup.

Quietly the kid pulled himself off of Killer's giant prick and hurried into the bathroom. Killer lit a cigarette and blew the smoke in my general direction. "I think I'll make Rufus Slave Number One."

He sat up in bed, every muscle on his 225 pound frame rippling. Whew! He was a rugged, beautiful man. He looked at me and then he fell back on the bed. "Shit, you're dribbling down your leg. Guess there ain't no way of stopping you from shooting your load!"

My face turned beet red. "Sir, please don't make him Slave Number One!"

He ground his cigarette out in the ashtray. "You're a lousy slave, Georgie!"

"I'm sorry, sir. I'll do better, sir!"

"Only one way, Georgie!" He pulled me close to him. "You know that way, don't you?"

"Yes, boss!"


"Well?"

"Sir, I'll win first place."

He stared hard at me for a moment and then moved to the door. "Hey, Rip, get your lazy ass in here. Georgie's steel cup is dirty!"

"Thank you, boss!" I looked at him. He wasn't such a bad master after all. I smiled.

S&M GYM to be continued



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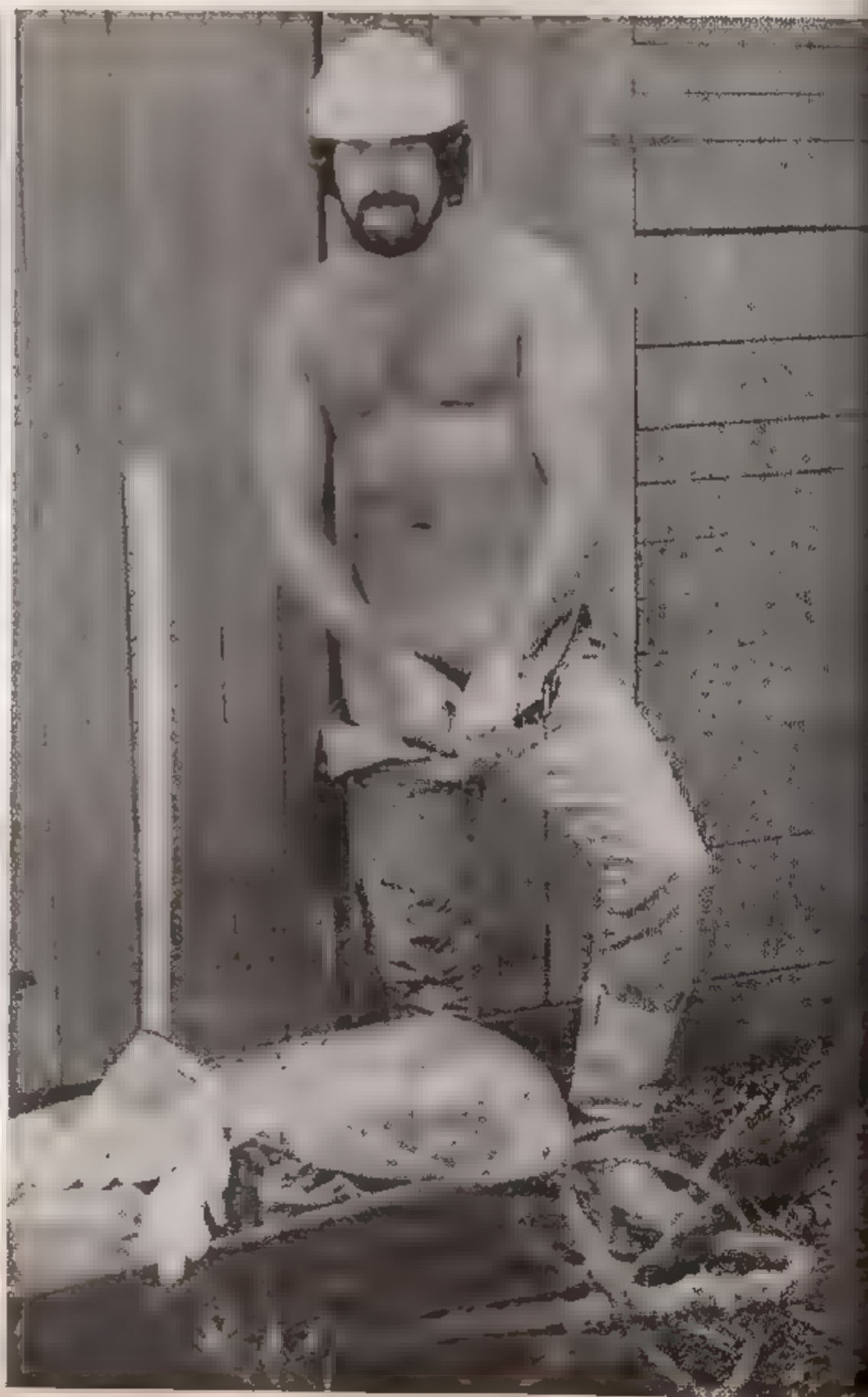
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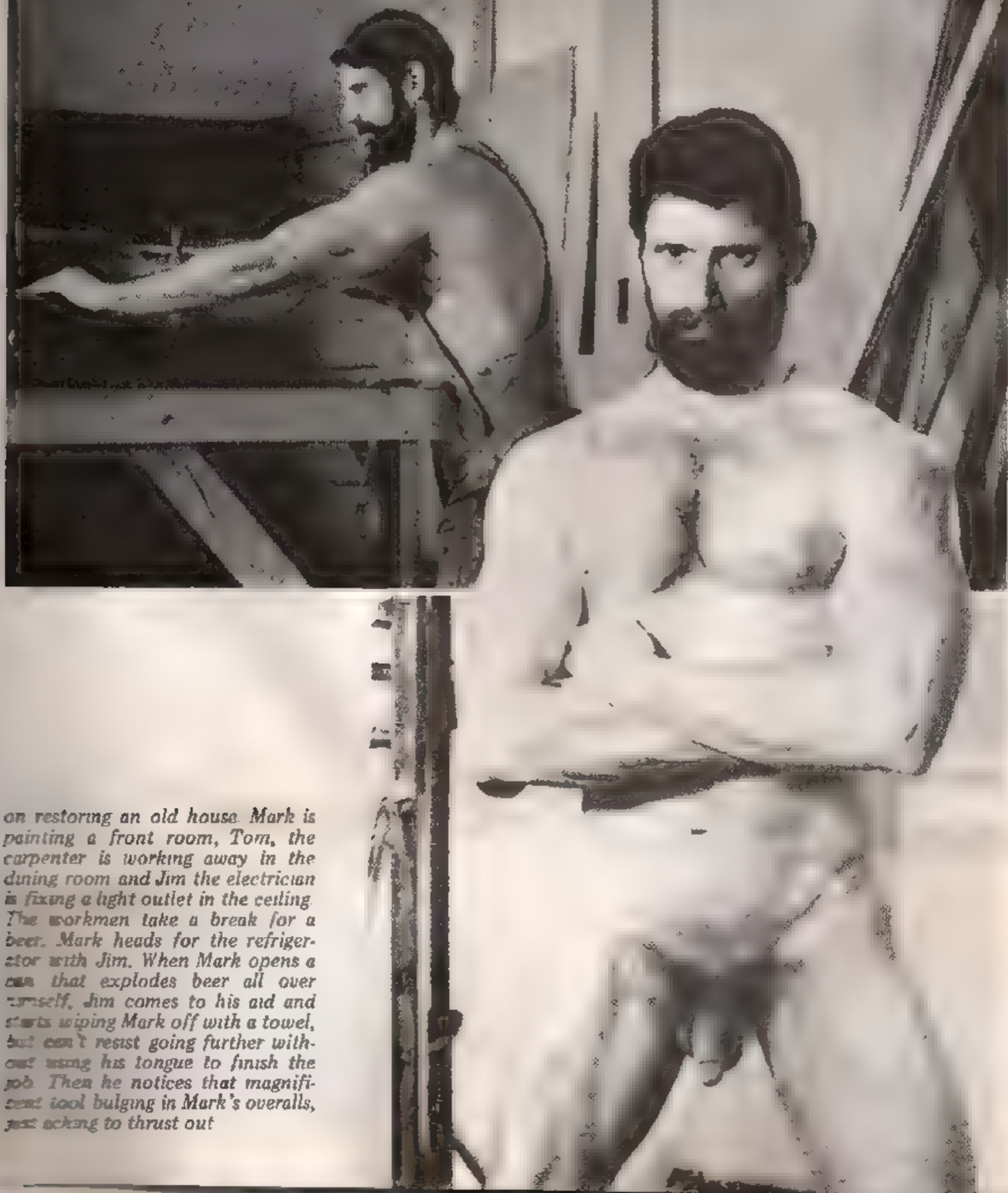
CONSTRUCTION

BY RICHARD MOORE

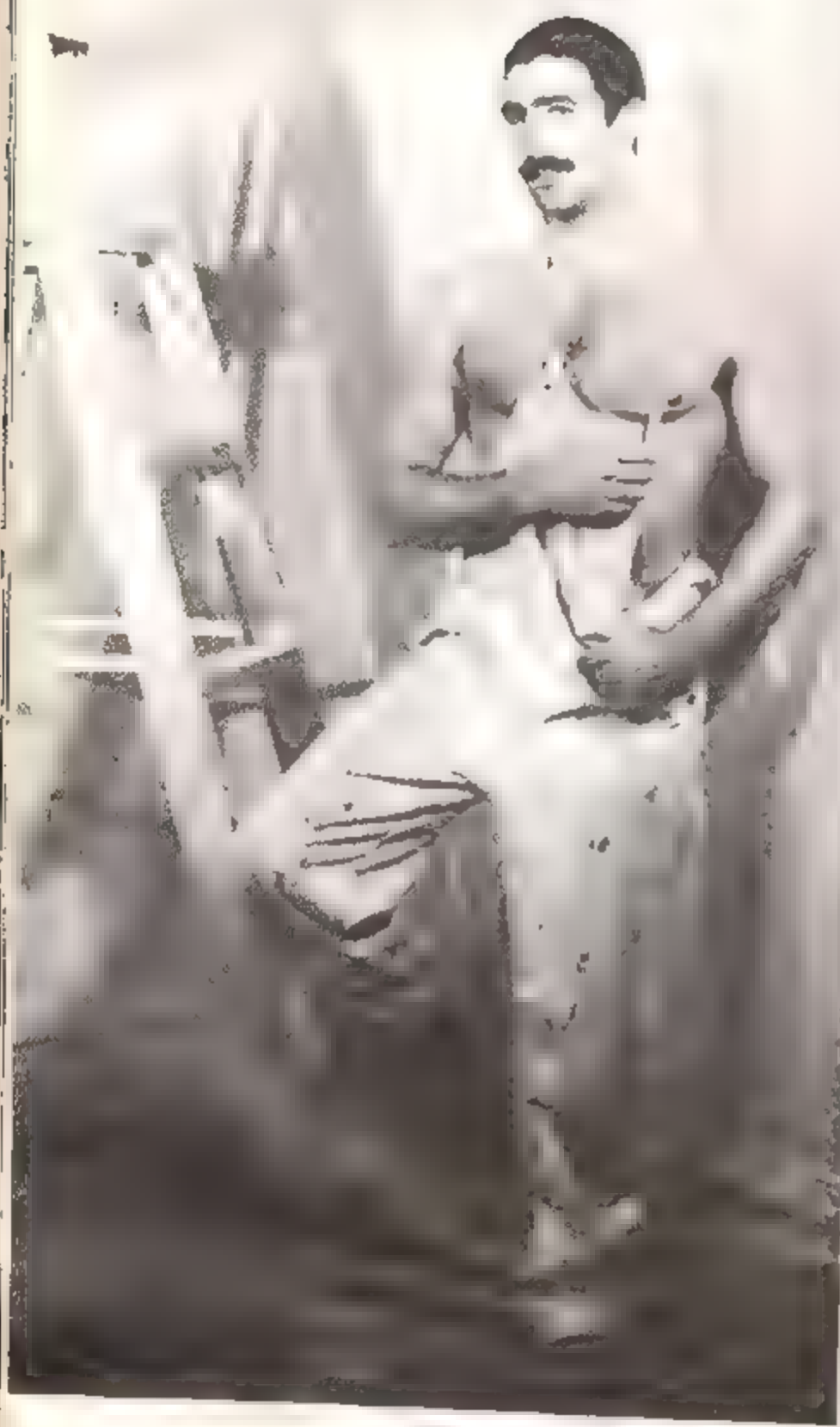


Following last month's Target tribute to the construction industry, Richard Moore gives us a minipageant he calls "Construction Worker Gangbang" with some indoor types. Three men are working

WORKERS

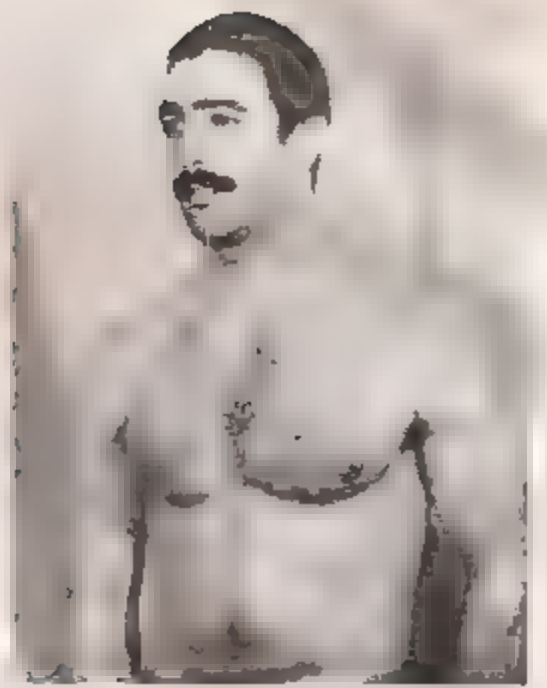
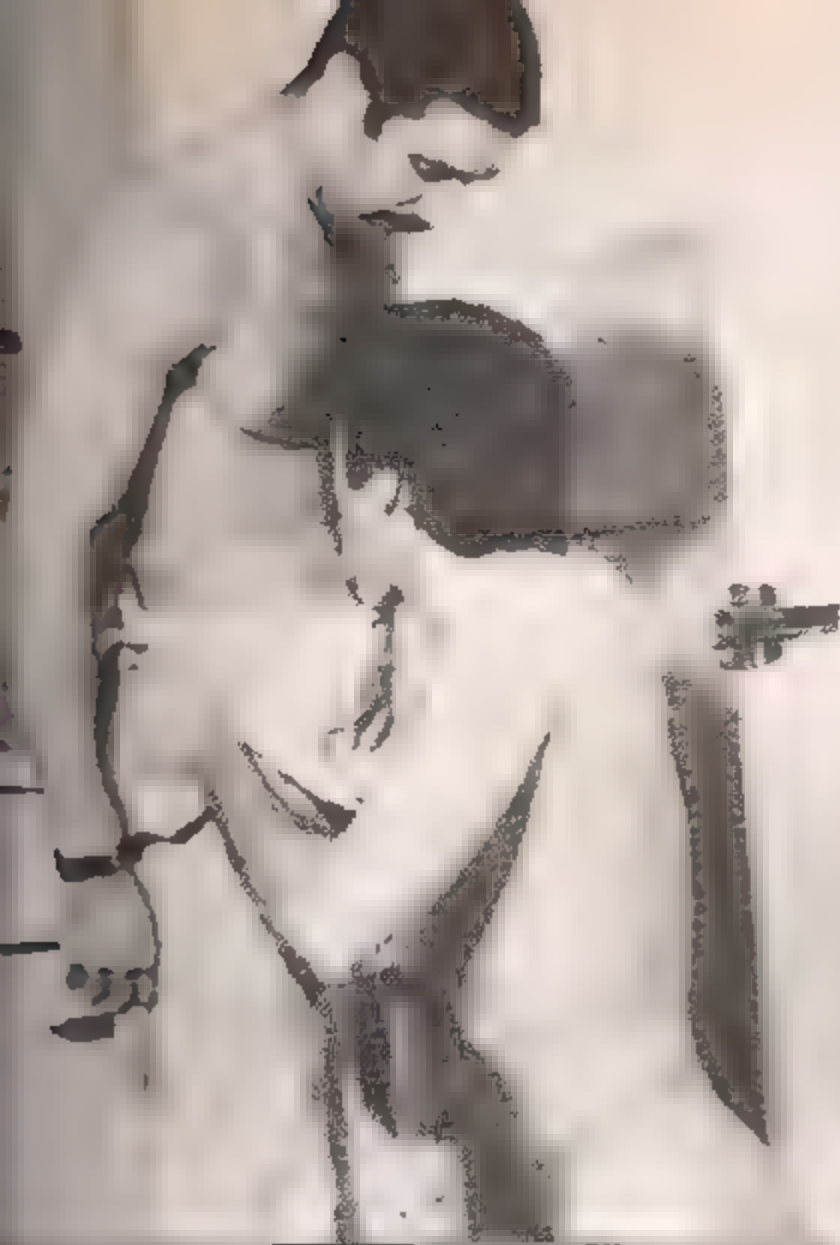


on restoring an old house. Mark is painting a front room, Tom, the carpenter is working away in the dining room and Jim the electrician is fixing a light outlet in the ceiling. The workmen take a break for a beer. Mark heads for the refrigerator with Jim. When Mark opens a can that explodes beer all over himself, Jim comes to his aid and starts wiping Mark off with a towel, but can't resist going further without using his tongue to finish the job. Then he notices that magnificent tool bulging in Mark's overalls, just aching to thrust out



Tom enters the room for a refill of beer and gets turned on to what's taking place in front of the refrigerator. By this time the others are hot to do what comes naturally. We assume not much got done on the job that afternoon. Well, there is always tomorrow.







FRED HALSTED

DENNIS IS A COP ../.. 6'2" .. WHITE .. 33 .. 185
 LBS .. DARK HAIR / DARK eyes .. MARRIED ..
 RESIDES IN MISSION VIEJO .. PORSCHE
 TARGA .. WORKS OUT DAILY .. 10 INCH
 COCK .. THICK DARK BODY HAIR .. DENNIS

DRUMMER 24

IS HOT! I met DENNIS at a Dennys coffee shop off the San Diego freeway. He was not in uniform and we sat close at the counter. I asked him to pass the cream and we started small talk .. he was cruising in that cool cop way and speaking with his deep from the nuts voice .. told him I was restoring my CHEVY PICKUP .. he praised his PORSCHE .. typical CALIFORNIA talk always safely begins with each extolling the virtues of their car .. your car defines who you are in California .. the most FUCKED UP people drive AMC PACERS .. I told him I had been visiting my uncle in Long Beach and had swung down to check out the action at EL TORO MARINE BASE .. picking up right away on my gay reference he asked if I knew any DRILL INSTRUCTORS (D.I.'s) .. I said no .. he said he had a good buddy who was a DI .. asked where I live .. I told him in a soundproofed house above SUNSET STRIP in LA .. he asked why soundproofed .. I said because its QUIET .. HE said thats good .. I said do you get into town .. he said he was thinking of coming up .. I invited him to check out my pad and he said sure .. he said he doesn't know the spots in LA but does in ORANGE COUNTY .. he was very interested in finding out where to go in LA .. I gave him directions on how to get to my place and we took off .. his PORSCHE hot on the tail of my TRUCK. Without saying anything we had said it all.

Its about an hour drive up the freeway to my pad DENNIS was really impressed when he walked in and spent some time looking out over the basin .. It was now night and we could see all the way to the Laguna mountains where we had earlier met .. he sat down in my EAMES leather chair and I asked him if he wanted a beer .. SURE .. I'm really turned on as I return with the suds, in fact had an erection ever since we met. As I hand him the beer he takes my other hand and puts it on his crotch ./.. FAR OUT .. his meat had swollen up and eagerly I pursued it down his tight LEVIS .. then I started to unbuckle my belt and unbutton mine .. pulling out my erect dick DENNIS grabbed it and took it down his throat .. I slid my hand into his surfer decal T-SHIRT (you KNOW anyones from ORANGE COUNTY if they have a surfer T-shirt) and got hotter as my hand grabbed his super muscular hairy chest ./.. DENNIS has a body like a MR. AMERICA and the attitude of the MACHO STLD .. we go into the bedroom and smoke a joint and play around with each other .. his mind is as crazy as mine and he suggests we go out and kick some ass .. why don't we pick up a cocksucker and take it from there .. we roar over to the ONE WAY and soon find a panting S/M'er who is turned on a lot to the two of us .. DENNIS comes up with a great idea ./.. lets go to EL MONTE and hit some of the real western straight bars there .. our new buddy is eally looking forward to WHATEVER we want to

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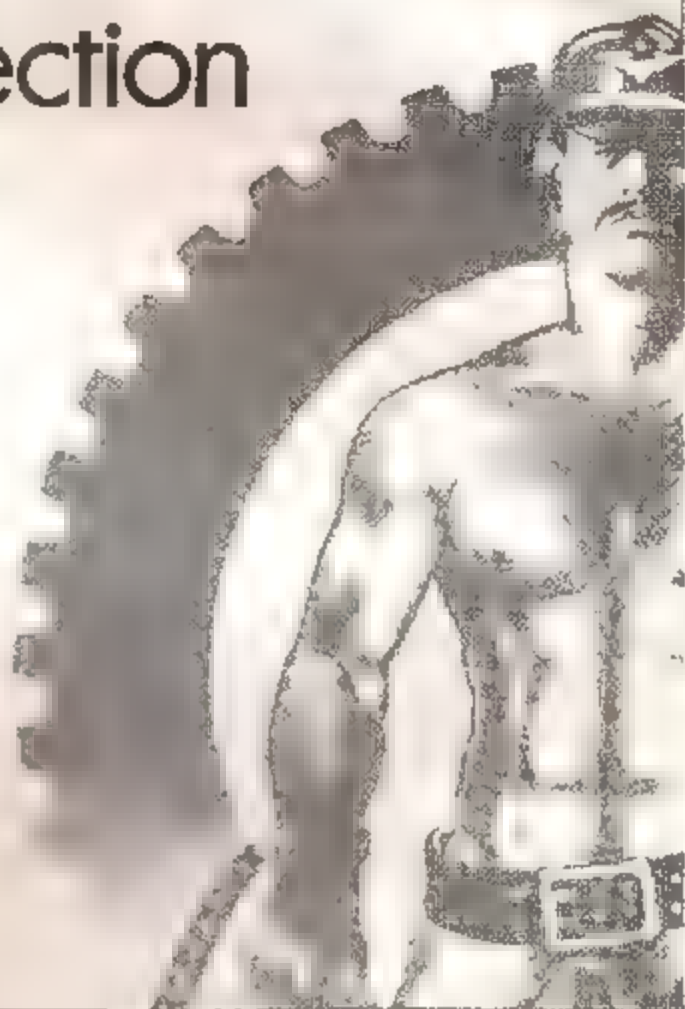
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do so we all pile into my truck and hit the San Bernardino freeway .. go about 15 minutes from LA in ANY direction and you are in a whole different world .. we pull into the ALLEY CAT bar in EL MONTE and notice the pickups and motorcycles in front .. looks right. Neither one of us had ever been there but we go in and order 3 beers. The bartender is a 30ish DOLLY PARTON TYPE BROAD .. and she gives us a friendly welcome. A good country and western jukebox is going and the place ain't too crowded .. we head for a dark rear wall and drink beer .. the bikers and few rednecks look at us but don't pay much attention .. I go into the john and fill up my empty beer bottle with piss .. returning and giving it to the guy we picked up at the ONE WAY .. he likes his new suds and drinks with GUSTO .. then DENNIS starts to get hot watching this dude drinking the recycled beer so HE goes to the john instructing the dude to follow .. there he orders the dude to sit on the toilet as he pulls out his thick long cock and empties HIS piss straight into the dudes mouth .. TAMMY WYNETTE is chirping away and the dude evidently likes to get a little sloppy and DENNIS pisses fast and A LOT .. he comes out and orders another beer .. then the dude walks out with a shit-eating smile that erases fast as a straight dude is on his way into the john .. and our new water sport slave has his fucking shirt soaked .. the straight dude gives him a funny look and continues on into the

john as he comes over to where I am standing .. DENNIS comes back with a beer for me too and we just stand around for a while .. I gotta piss again and DENNIS tells him to take it right there .. SHIT .. this is getting good .. we are in a half shadow and I pull out my dick and the dude drops to his knees and I piss straight into his open dripping mouth .. MISS BIG TITS sees the whole thing and a shocked look comes over her face .. I figure she's gonna sound the alarm and a fight is on the way .. well she doesn't .. she looks at the 3 of us and starts to get turned on more .. this crazy broad LIKES the show and that turns DENNIS and ME on even more .. the straight dudes don't really see whats happening .. maybe thinking the one on his knees lost his wallet or something .. after I finish unloading my liquids I drink some more beer with DENNIS .. who's evidently really turned onto exhibitionistic sex in strange places .. the fight doesn't happen probably because the bar ain't too full and we got a panting cunt enjoying the show .. we finish our suds and head back to the truck and LA .. dropping our water sport slave off at the ONE WAY and have a good laugh back on the way to my place .. DENNIS has gotta get back to ORANGE COUNTY but says he will be back next week and lets do something REALLY wild .. I mention the infinite possibilities of my truck and start planning for next weeks on the road adventure .. but THIS time we really want to do it././.

ASS-LICKIN'-GOOD
COMICS
PRESENTS

HARRY CHESSE VS. THE PYTHON BY A JAY

IN CHAPTER TWO, OUR THREE FUGGACES, HARRY CHESSE, MICKEY MUSCLE AND RANCID AGNEW HAD DISCOVERED THE OFFICES OF 'FAROUT FAGS' RANSACKED. ALL LOOKED LOST! THE ONLY TANGIBLE CLUE TO THE RASH OF MYSTERIOUS GAY MURDERS BY AN EVEN MORE MYSTERIOUS COCK-PUMPER WAS BURIED INSIDE THE MISSING WANT-AD FILE OF FF PUBLICATIONS. SUDDENLY MICKEY'S KEEN 20/19 $\frac{3}{4}$ EYESIGHT SPOTTED IT... FLUNG TO ONESIDE, APPARENTLY OVERLOOKED BY THE KILLER IN HIS HASTY SEARCH. JUBILANT AT THEIR LUCKY FIND, OUR GUYS WERE ABOUT TO HEAD BACK TO HARRY'S BACHELOR ABODE ON CRISCO MEWS TO CHECK OUT THE FILE. BUT OUTSIDE ON THE WINDOW LEDGE, THE OMINOUS PYTHON, HIDDEN IN THE SHADOWS, WAS OBSERVING ALL!!! MUTTERING NASTY OBSCENITIES UNDER HIS BAD BREATH, THE PYTHON QUICKLY SCALED DOWN THE FIRE ESCAPE AND DEPOSITED A SINISTER-LOOKING BASKET (THE WOVEN KIND) ON THE BACK SEAT OF HARRY'S CAESAR ROMERO, HIS CUSTOM SPANISH WHEELS. THEN... MINUTES LATER, AS OUR FUGG TRIO SLIPPED INTO THE FRONT SEAT TO HEAD BACK TO HARRY'S PAD—THE LID OF THE BASKET SLOWLY MOVED... AND A SHINY GREEN SHAPE SUTHERED OUT—!

HEY MEN... DON'T LOOK NOW... BUT THERE'S COMPANY IN THE BACK SEAT!

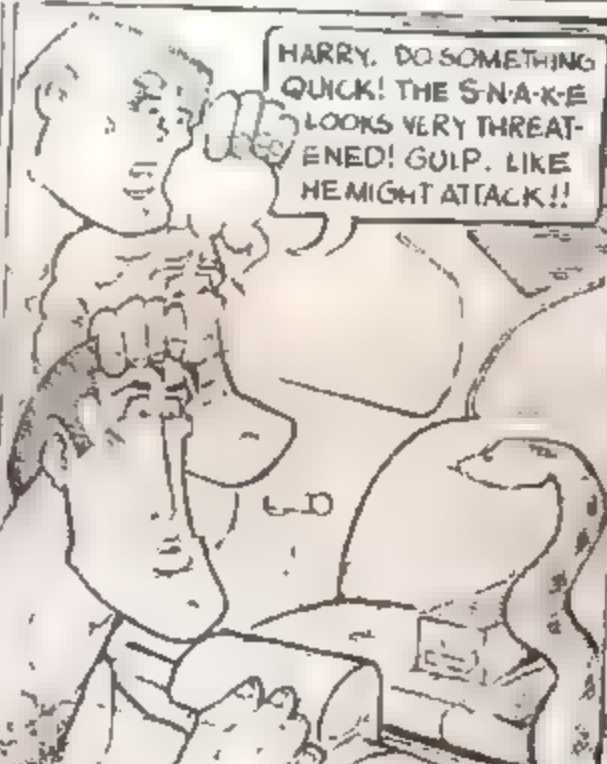


HOLY PIGEON PISS... A REAL FUCKIN' PYTHON! I CAN'T BE TRIPPING! I HAVEN'T HAD A HIT IN TWO HOURS!

GEEPS, A BIG GREEN SNAKE!



HARRY, DO SOMETHING QUICK! THE S-N-A-K-E LOOKS VERY THREATENED! GULP. LIKE HE MIGHT ATTACK!!



MAYBE A LITTLE MUSIC WILL SOOTHE HIM! LET'S TRY THIS TAPE OF 'STREISAND SINGS THE CLASSICS'!

GOOD THINNIN'.



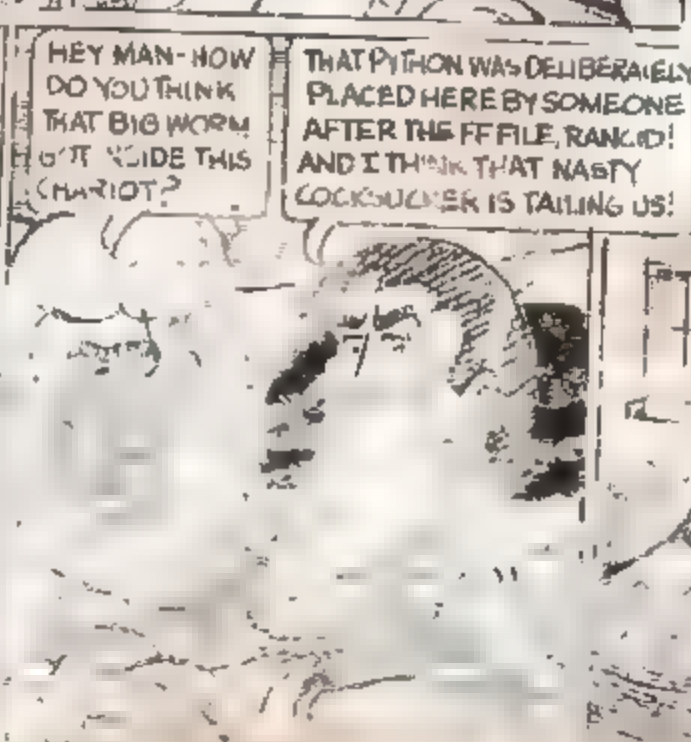
HOLY HOTS... LOOK! HE'S GOING BACK INTO HIS BASKET! FAR-OUT!

MAYBE BARBRA ISN'T HIS JP OF VENOM.

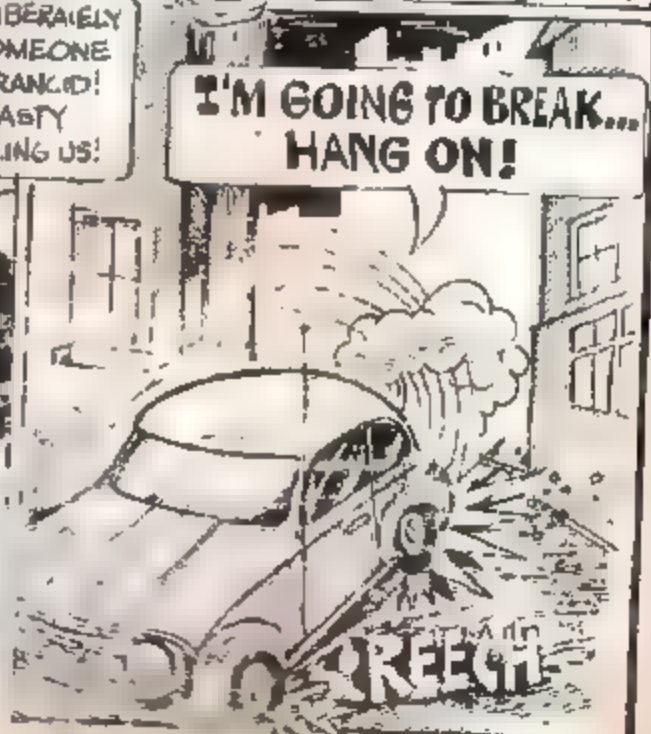


HEY MAN—NOW DO YOU THINK THAT BIG WORM GOT INSIDE THIS CHARIOT?

THAT PYTHON WAS DELIBERATELY PLACED HERE BY SOMEONE AFTER THE FF FILE, RANCID! AND I THINK THAT NASTY COCKSUCKER IS TAILING US!



I'M GOING TO BREAK... HANG ON!





QUICK...TAKE COVER GUYS!
OUR TAIL HAS PULLED IN
RIGHT BEHIND OUR CAR...
AND IS CLOSING IN!

THE FFA
IS NOT A
FEDERAL
AGENCY!

MOMENTS PASS-

HEY MAN...
OUR SINISTER
SHADOW HAS
CHICKENED OUT...
HE'S A NO SHOW

LET'S GIVE IT
ANOTHER COUPLE
OF SECS...AND
THEN SPLIT!



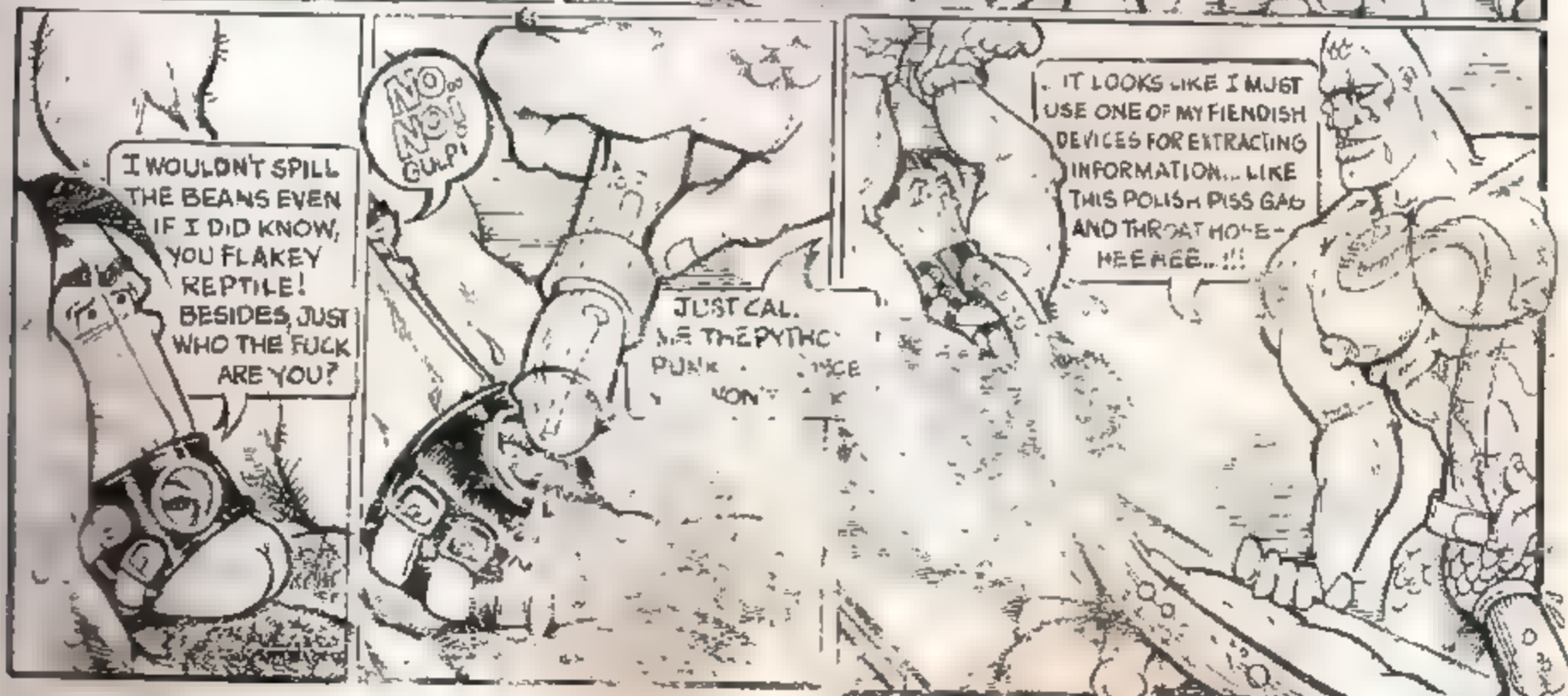
WHERE'S HARRY?
SUPER SHIT...HE
JUST DISSOLVED
INTO THIN AIR!

GEEPS...
JUST LIKE
MARGARET
HAMILTON!

AN HOUR LATER-
IN ANOTHER PART
OF TOWN...

WHERE AM I? WHAT
AM I DOING
HERE?

SO YOU ARE FINALLY COMING
AROUND, MR.CHESS.I GAVE YOU
A DOSE OF AMYL CHLOROFORM
SO YOU'D BE COOPERATIVE.
NOW LET'S HAVE A PRIVATE
TALK AWAY FROM YOUR
CHUMS'N INTERRUPTONS!
TELL ME...JUST HOW
MUCH DOES FUGG
HAVE ON ME-??
COME ON, SCUM...
TALK!!



I WOULDN'T SPILL
THE BEANS EVEN
IF I DID KNOW,
YOU FLAKEY
REPTILE!
BESIDES, JUST
WHO THE FUCK
ARE YOU?

NO
NO
GULP!

JUST CAL.
MR.THEPYTHO
PUNK
NON

IT LOOKS LIKE I MUST
USE ONE OF MY FIENDISH
DEVICES FOR EXTRACTING
INFORMATION... LIKE
THIS POLISH PISS GAS
AND THROAT HOE-
HEE HEE...!!!

-TO BE CONTINUED!

SEX DRIVE DRAMATICALLY INCREASED!



ancient secrets discovered...

Few herbs have seen such a shift in reputation as sarsaparilla. American Indian medicine men once cured physical and sexual debility with it. In the 1800s sarsaparilla became a national craze when it was used as a spring tonic. Then in 1939 scientists found the secret of its power. Sarsaparilla is one of the few natural sources of testosterone, the male hormone. A high testosterone level in the body promotes sexual potency. Sarsaparilla is only one of the reasons Wilmont Herbal Blend makes a man into a stud. Here are some more facts:

Q. What is Wilmont Herbal Blend for the Stud?
A. It's 100% pure herb power! A stimulating mix of powdered damiana leaves, sarsaparilla root and kola nut.

Q. How does it work?
A. In three ways. Sarsaparilla root increases hormone levels. Damiana is a mild euphoric, a reputed aphrodisiac and a tonic for the sex organs. Kola nut reduces the energy requirements of the nervous and muscular systems by promoting combustion of fats and carbohydrates.

Q. Why should I take Wilmont Herbal Blend?
A. The peak sexuality age for men is 18 to 20. After that our bodies produce smaller quantities of hormones. Disease, radical surgery, trauma, and the side effects of various drugs can also cause oncological ills which interfere with normal sexual function. Wilmont Herbal Blend cleans and strengthens the urinary and sexual tracts so well that many customers tell us they achieve bigger, harder, prolonged erections with regular use. Other benefits are a higher energy level and increased sexual vitality.

Q. How long does it take?
A. Herbs like vitamins take a little time to work their wonders. Most men start feeling a renewed sexual vigor after 30 to 60 days. Thereafter, continued regular use of Wilmont Herbal Blend will maintain the higher levels of sexual energy.

WILMONT PRODUCTS

Dept. T17
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Phone (213) 413-1111

Each bottle \$4.95. 5% sales tax.

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ASTROLOGIC

VIRGO S: (Aug. 22–Sept. 22): Your frenetic pursuit of slaves and S&M stems not so much from the actual need of sexual release as from the sheer enjoyment of the pursuit. This may sound sick to some, but if you're into leather, S&M, etc., you probably already have several strikes against you from both gay and non-gay alike. So go ahead; pursue freely and wantonly. Remember if it seems sick to many, it's probably more fun to the select few.

VIRGO M: Your monomaniacal pursuit of torture and S&M is usually not so much for the actual pursuit as it is for the pain. Philosophy has never worked well in dealing with you.

LIBRA S: (Sept. 23–Oct. 22): Don't spend so much time fussing with your image... Do these clothes hang just right? ... Are the seams in my leather chaps straight? ... Is just enough, but not too much, hankie showing? Remember, the less time it takes to get your clothes on, the less time it will take to get them off.

LIBRA M: Help your Master get dressed and undressed. Remember how fancy and imaginative he is. Keep this in mind when shining his boots, or you may wind up ending his wardrobe.

SCORPIO S: (Oct. 23–Nov. 21): Break out of your staid, conservative habits. Throw an end-of-summer Water Sports party and serve soda pop (or), grilled ham and smorgasburg. Ah, the fun things a creative S can do ... and all complaint-free.

SCORPIO M: When you attend such parties as the above, be sure to take your best inflatable pool toys: rubber sofa, inner tubes, rubber suits, rubber dildos.

SAGITTARIUS S: (Nov. 22–Dec. 21): Because you put so much importance on high ideas and intelligence, your S&M affairs can result in much disappointment and frustration. Lower your standards, or you'll wind up with just a series of "one-night stands."

SAGITTARIUS M: You expect so much of your Master that you could wear the poor guy out trying to outdo your image of what a Master should be. That could result in a hernia from attempted overkill.

CAPRICORN S: (Dec. 22–Jan. 20): You are ambitious and your constant, driving force is making it to the top. Keep your mouth shut and some nice M will probably let you lap on top.

CAPRICORN M: "Making it to the top" for you actually means "being on the bottom," a contradiction in terms. Don't worry about it ... Einstein understood.

AQUARIUS S: (Jan. 21–Feb. 18): People under this sign seem naturally born to greatness. However, the stars do not guarantee success. If you are less than Stud material, think MEANI!

AQUARIUS M: For you, greatness should mean an aptitude for pleasing your Master. After all, some people were born to succeed greatly and others, to serve greatness.

PISCES S: (Feb. 19–Mar. 20): Being a Master entails many responsibilities such as the feeding, caring and constant punishment of your slave. There's more to your role than pumping semen into a willing receptacle.

PISCES M: Become involved in something worthwhile, a profession where you can deprive yourself while serving others. Become a leather nun.

ARIES S: (Mar. 21–Apr. 19): Your most outstanding feature is your aggressiveness, but don't let it go to your head and make you think that you're a heavenmade Stud. It takes more than heaven and leather to keep your legs out of the clouds.

ARIES M: Your main feature is your passiveness. Usually, when your Master's legs are in the clouds, you're impaled either on or between them.

TAURUS S: (Apr. 20–May 20): Bowers of romantic invulnerability this month. As the summer season unfolds, try to stay in control of who you are. Remain aloof, for a good S never has heart flutters under a leather jacket.

TAURUS M: Your low-minded romanticism can cause you untold problems this month. Your passive nature makes you a sucker for softly lit cells, dripping candlewax, soft music and Cressa by candlelight.

GEMINI S: (May 21–June 21): Your creative, imaginative mind is your best asset. Depend on your marvelous mentality and wit to get you through the month, unless you've got over 10" and a wife ... then the hell with your goddamn mentality!

GEMINI M: Use your creative and imaginative mind to come up with new ideas on what to do with 10" and a wife ... And don't say, "Beat it."

CANCER S: (June 22–July 21): Being overly sensitive and a little paranoid by nature, you'll interpret every odd look or insult as a direct attack on your superiority complex. This is your last warning. Unless you have a desperate need to lash out at humanity, avoid lashing out. You're a Stud, not a nutcase. And unless you want to say hello to the wonderful world of psychiatry, don't go there.

CANCER M: Your Master's bar must be the biggest S you can find. He'll be waiting for you with a renewed secret patience. This is your last warning. Unless you have a desperate need to lash out at humanity, avoid lashing out. You're a Stud, not a nutcase. And unless you want to say hello to the wonderful world of psychiatry, don't go there.

LEO S: (July 22–Aug. 21): Your Master's bar must be the biggest S you can find. He'll be waiting for you with a renewed secret patience. This is your last warning. Unless you have a desperate need to lash out at humanity, avoid lashing out. You're a Stud, not a nutcase. And unless you want to say hello to the wonderful world of psychiatry, don't go there.

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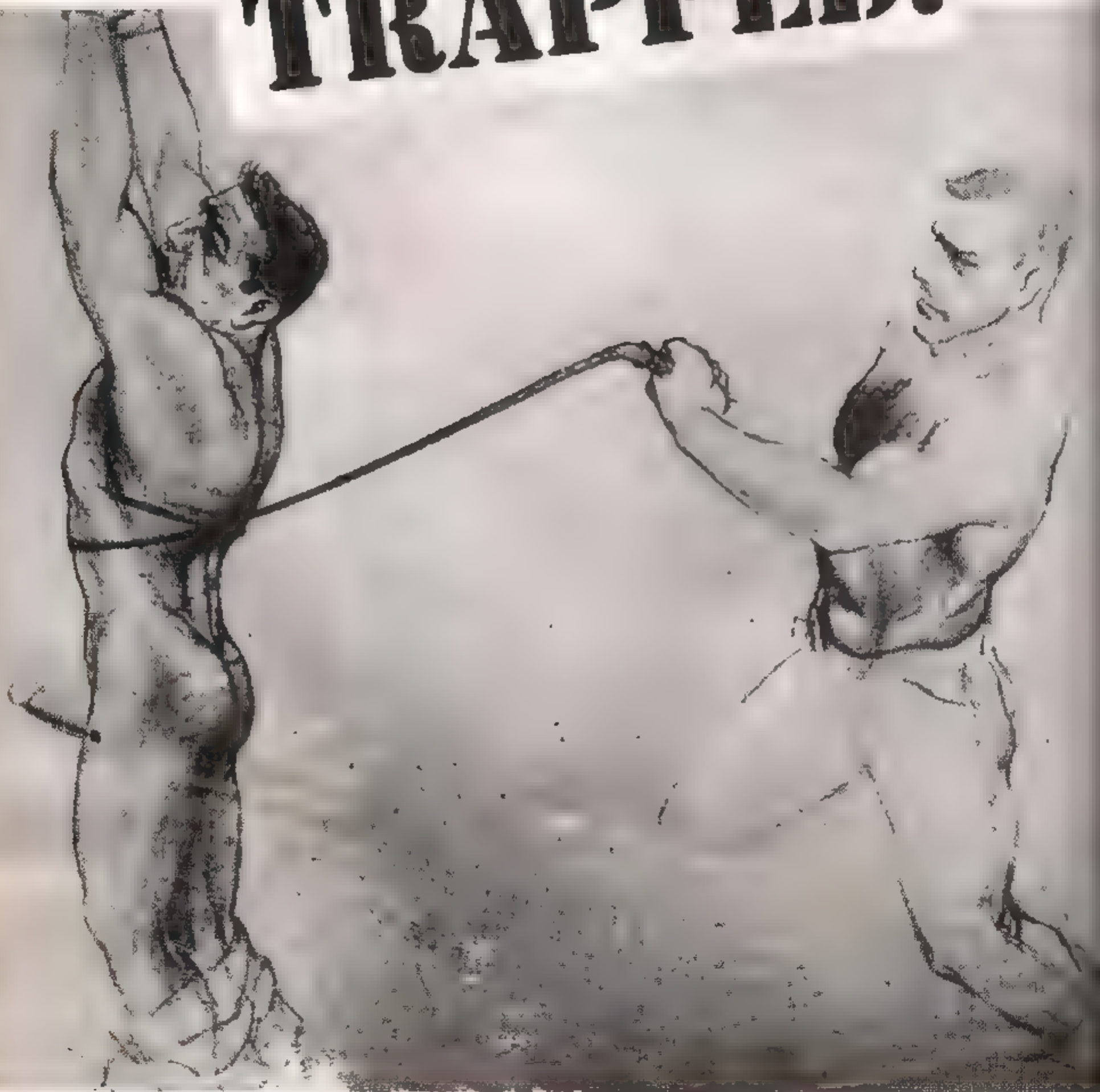
VIRGO

The Virgin



"WE'VE SEEN YOU, YOU'VE SEEN US..." THE ANONYMOUS LETTER SAID. THAT WAS THE BEGINNING OF AN EXCITING NEW FIVE-PART ADVENTURE YOU'LL REMEMBER FOR A LONG TIME TO COME. SO WILL OUR HERO, WHO IS PURSUED BY THE SADISTIC LETTER-WRITER AND ENDS UP...

'TRAPPED!



The artwork for this series is by an artist whose works are from a private collection and are printed here for the first time. They are unusual and while these copies are also copies, both he and we felt they should be shared.

JUSTIN SMITH

The first contact was by mail. The letter arrived by special delivery on Sunday afternoon.

My doorbell wakes the dead, so I heard it way back in the rear bedroom where I was pleasantly engaged with a character named Harry.

Ignore it," Harry gasped. "Just stay where you are."

I slapped him on the butt and yanked my cock out of his asshole. "I can fuck anytime," I said, "but opportunity might knock only once." I considered saying something about opportunity "ringing" this time but decided Harry was too engrossed in getting his ass plugged to be interested in small jokes.

"Harry back," Harry said, which made me feel wanted. As I stepped into a pair of Levis that I had dropped to the floor the night before, I looked at him. Good looking guy, beautiful ass, which always seemed to be sticking up in the air waiting. Sometimes I thought maybe Harry loved me for only one thing. That'd make us even, I only wanted one thing from him, too. With that thought in mind, I smiled and headed to the front door.

A lot of times you hear stories about guys going to the front door, answering it, and having in front of them one of God's most beautiful creatures, who then proceeds to stay for a week. Nothing like that has ever happened to me and it didn't this time. The mailman was a troll. The letter he had for me was thin and I owed thirteen cents on it.

I paid the thirteen cents and examined the front of the envelope. No return address, which seemed odd. Anybody who would go to the trouble of sending something special delivery you'd think would be interested enough to make sure it was delivered. I ripped it open. It was short and sweet, printed in large letters on a plain white sheet: "We've seen you. You've seen us. We'll see each other again."

For that I had pulled out of Harry's ass.

When I got back to the bedroom, Harry was still on his knees on the bed, face down in the mattress and ass angled up conveniently, but for some reason my hard-on had left me. I'd had the kid I think it was twice during the night and he had me a little bored. He moved around a little too much. I like to do the work myself.

"C'mon, kid," I said, standing there, looking down at him. "It's Sunday afternoon and it's beautiful outside. Why don't we get out of the bedroom?"

Harry looked at me like a lost puppy and turned and sat up slowly on the bed. "I want your cock," he said.

That pissed me off. Who was supposed to be the boss around there anyway? "No way," I answered. "Get dressed and get your ass out of here."

I had meant what I said, but I let him crawl across the bed, get down on the floor and reach for my dick. He fondled it; it started to grow. He leaned forward and licked it; it grew more. He put it in his mouth and swallowed the whole damned thing. He groaned and I had to admit that it felt good, but I was tired of Harry. I pulled out, damned near leaving my foreskin between his teeth, and pushed his face away from me. "Got a date tonight," I said. "I want to save it."

I realize that was an asshole thing to say, but this kid was turning me off. He was too pushy. I like what I like and if I wanted him to suck my cock, I'd tell him to.

He whined a little and pleaded a little, but I stuck to my guns. Let 'em beg, was always my motto. It turned me on.

"Go on," I said. "Get dressed and make some coffee. I'll hit the shower and come on out."

"I'll do it naked," Harry said. Persistent little cuss.

"I said put your clothes on, fucker," I said. "Do what I tell you."

Harry looked at me. His eyes were wide open, staring. "Yes, sir," he said and slowly got up and headed to his I watched him for a second. He sure did have one neat looking ass.

At the kitchen table, over a cup of coffee, I showed Harry the letter. He read it and looked at me. "It sounds like somebody's pissed at you," he said.

"Why?" I asked, shrugging.

"Maybe because you're such a conceited son-of-a-bitch," Harry said, for which statement he spent the afternoon sprawled on the bed, tit clamps in place, a spiked dildo up his ass and a four-week-old sock in his mouth. He loved it and spent the rest of the afternoon alongside a pool that belonged to a

friend of mine.

I'd told Harry the truth; I did have a date that night. A good time was had by all so I forgot the letter. I guess in my mind I had dismissed it as a not-too-funny joke of somebody I knew, or had known. I got home reasonably early and got to bed. The next morning at five, I was up and just getting ready for work, since carpenters start working early, when the doorbell rang again. I was starkers when I went to the front door.

Nobody was there, which disappointed me. I always get a charge out of the look people get on their faces when you stand in front of them naked. Especially when they're trying to get you to join the Jehovah Witnesses. I was also irritated. What was this, fun and games at five in the morning? I glanced around but nobody was in sight. Then I spotted the envelope on the welcome mat. That mat, by the way, is a holdover from the former tenant. It has the word WELCOME spelled out in script letters, surrounded by white daisies on a black background. It's ug-g-gly.

I picked up the envelope and started to open it, expecting to find a scrawled telephone number and a plea to call from some guy who didn't have the balls to tell me to my face that he wanted to get fucked.

There was no telephone number. There was another short note: "We saw you last night. Did you see us?" That's all. I crumpled up the note and threw it in the wastebasket next to the desk in the living room. This was getting more and more unfunny. Some guys don't know what to stop.

I had hired a buddy of mine to help out on the job I was doing, a re-model job on a florist shop — we turning piss elegance into rustic chic — and in between the sound of nails being pounded into pecky cedar, which I thought was a lousy choice for the paneling, I asked him what he thought of the bit with the letters.

"Sounds like somebody's pissed at you," Tony said.

Again I shrugged and again I asked why.

"Maybe it's because you're such a conceited son-of-a-bitch," he said. I stared at him. What was going on? He was the second guy in two days who had told me I was a conceited son-of-a-bitch. Didn't they know about my other, better qualities: my generosity, my frugality, my . . . well, there must be a few others.

"That's a shitty thing to say," I said finally.

Tony laughed. "But we love you," he said, grabbing my crotch, which made everything better.

Tony was a guy I'd known for maybe five or six years. I'd met him just after I moved to California and he was among maybe the first ten guys I'd made it with. He was a nice kid, eager to please and wild in bed. He was one of those guys who aren't beauties but who are a ways in demand, mainly because they're so goddamned energetic. I had a little affair with him that lasted maybe a month. We'd been friends ever since.

"I met two guys the other night," Tony said when we got around to taking a coffee break. He was dressed in shorts and a pair of socks and shit-kickers. Nothing else.

I figured I was in for another recitation of sexual exploits, which are the most boring things in the world, but I put up with them from Tony. His were always a little more interesting than most.

"I was standing in this bar," Tony continued, "minding my own business, but constantly on the lookout for those twenty-two black pygmies with ten-inch cocks who are my best fantasy . . ."

"Get on with the story and cut the shit," I said. I only allowed myself, and Tony, fifteen minutes for a break and if I started listening to him going off on tangents, I'd be there until my coffee soured.

"As I'm standing there," Tony continued after throwing me a halfway dirty look, "these two guys come up. Hol. Both big. I figured I was gonna have my hands, and a few other things, full for a couple of hours, but that's not what happened at all."

"So what *did* happen?" I asked.

"Nothin'," Tony said. "That's what's really weird about this story."

"If not, why tell it at all?"

"Because I was sitting to do with you, asshole. So shut up."

I looked at Tony. Even if he was kidding, I don't like being talked to like that. He caught my look. "Sorry,"

he said, lowering his eyes. He waited until I gave him some indication that it was alright to go on.

"Go ahead," I said finally. I felt my cock getting hard. Tony's attitude was turning me on.

He looked at me. Serious. "You want me to suck it?" he asked. His eyes lowered to my crotch. His tongue involuntarily flitted across his lips.

"No," I said running my hand up and down my hardening cock just to get him a little more excited.

"C'mon, we got a few minutes. Auntie Bill won't be back for an hour."

"No," I repeated. "Get on with the story." I was interested now that I knew it had something to do with me. Maybe I am a conceited son-of-a-bitch.

Tony shrugged his big shoulders and then launched back into his story. "They didn't want to take me home and work on me at all," he said. "All they wanted to do was talk. A real waste of time." He hesitated.

"What did they want to talk about?" I asked, getting really impatient.

"Got you hooked, haven't I?" Tony asked. "When I told you all this has got something to do with you, you got hooked, right?"

I nodded agreement.

"Then pull it out, Danny," Tony said. "I ain't gonna finish this story until I get some of that cock."

"We've got a job to do."

"It'll wait. Stand up and pull it out."

I always fancied myself as the topman in sexual situations, but somehow I always end up doing what other people want me to do, especially when I want to do it. I stood up and pulled my cock and balls out of my Levis.

Tony was on his knees in front of me in a split second. He surrounded my prick with his wet warm mouth. He was a beautiful cocksucker. He slurped around on it for a minute or two, getting it good and hard, then stood up. He opened his shorts and let them slide down to his ankles. He turned around and leaned over on top of a half built counter. "Fuck it Danny, please."

"You're outta your fuckin' head," I said. "We're right in front of a WINDOW."

I wasn't exactly telling the truth. We weren't right in front of a window. We were maybe thirty feet back in the store, but if somebody had walked by, stopped and looked in hard, we could have been seen. Public sex ain't my bag.

"Shit, I'd let you screw me in the middle of Hollywood Boulevard," Tony said. He backed up against me, wriggling that butt of his. There was no way, then, that I wasn't going to fuck him. I spit in my hand, smearing it around my already wet cock and moved against him. I pressed the end of my dick against his hole, holding his ass at the same time. That little muscle of his fought for a second then gave in and I slid in full length. God, it felt good, and god, he was tight. Tony was phenomenal that way. He'd had everything from a two-inch dick to a Cadillac limousine up that ass of his and he was still tight.

He started groaning and I started moving faster. In and out. Full length. I could feel my balls banging against his ass. Good feeling. I pulled out and shoved it in again, long-dicking him. He groaned louder. Loud enough to be heard down the street. But by that time I didn't give a damn if anybody watched or not.

This couldn't be a long session, we had too much work to do, so I didn't stop sucking when I felt a come getting close. All I was doing was getting my ashes hauled, nothing more, so as soon as I could I pounded against him and shot. I made more noise than he did.

When the good feeling passed and I got my sense back, I glanced at the window. Nobody was there, so I felt better. I pulled my cock out and patted Tony on the ass. "That was good," I said.

Tony was still bent over, flipping his cock. Big wads of his come were puddled on the floor. "You sure were quiet," he said.

"I'm not here to start a love-affair," I said. "We're here to work."

"You want to hear the rest of the story?"

"Tell me over lunch," I said, and headed back to the pecky cedar.

At noon we got into the truck and drove to a small nearby

park where we found an unoccupied tree, ate our tuna fish sandwiches, followed those with a beer each, and then moved to the sun and stretched out on the ground.

I had just gotten comfortable when Tony said, "You want to fuck me here?"

Without opening my eyes I told him I didn't.

"Well, then, there's a guy hanging around the head over there who's givin' us the eye."

"Well, then, there's a guy hanging around the head over there who's givin' us the eye. Interested?"

I leaned up on my elbow and looked at him. "I've never seen, I'm not now and I never will be interested in fucking around in toilets," I said. "And nobody I work with is gonna mess around in toilets, not as long as they work with me."

"I was only kidding," Tony said. "I know how you feel about that."

"So shut up and let me relax."

"So I guess you don't want to hear about what happened the other night. About those two guys." Tony had a lone playing mouth and more energy than anybody I'd ever known. He couldn't lie still.

"Okay, tell me," I said. "But keep your voice soft and relaxing. If I nod off, don't get pissed."

"Nobody ever nods off when I'm telling my stories," Tony said laughing. "Anyway, these two guys come up and like I said, I thought I was in for a good night . . ."

"We've been through that already."

"All they wanted to do was talk. And not about me. About you. They asked if I was still workin' for you. I said I was. And they asked where we were working and what jobs we were keeping, things like that. I started to answer their questions but finally they kept at it so much I asked them why they were asking. I thought maybe they were from the IRS."

"In leather?"

"One was in leather. The other one was mostly naked."

"Go ahead."

"They told me they had seen you and were interested. Then they started to ask what you liked, if you went both ways, things like that."

"And you said . . .?"

"I told them you'd do anything with anybody."

"Asshole."

"Nah, I didn't. I told them the truth. I told them you were the most unversative guy I'd ever known. I told them you don't even know what a cock tastes like. I told them you've been carryin' around a virgin asshole since you were twelve. I told them you like to beat people up and then kiss 'em until they're well. Let's see, I told them where you were from. I told them about your kids. Just about everything. And they listened. Real hard they listened."

"Hey, thanks a lot," I said. "You didn't know who the hell those guys were. Why'd you talk like that?"

"I was stoned and feelin' gabby. For some reason I thought maybe they were going to have you on 'This is Your Life.' Wow, that'd be hot."

"Do me a favor, will you?" I asked. "Next time somebody starts pumping you about me, clam up."

"Yeah, I guess I shouldn't have talked so much. But I wanted you to know. Just in case some guy comes on to you who knows more about you than you do."

"So what's the end of this story?"

"That's the end. I finally got bored, talking about you, and when I saw this guy over on the other side that I knew, I excused myself like the good bottom I am and went away. I went home alone."

"That's good for you, one night a year," I said and then concentrated on falling into a fifteen minute nap. I put the letters and the two guys talking to Tony out of my mind.

That night I decided to stay in. I fixed myself a small dinner, did the dishes, took a fast walk with the dog and then stripped down and got into bed with a book. I read about eight words when the phone rang. I reached for it next to the bed.

A voice that I can only describe as menacing, a sort of faked menacing, told me that I'd been watched on my walk. My dog was described, the route I took was recounted and what I was wearing was listed exactly. It blew my mind. This guy had gone to a lot of trouble.

After he was finished, I said, "So what?" Then I waited. Nothing more was said from the other side. There was no

hang-up, just silence. I suggested that he say something more, but he wouldn't. Finally, I hung up the phone.

I read about a paragraph more and the telephone rang again. I picked it up. This time there was no voice, only that same silence. Not even heavy breathing. I said, "Hello!" about three times and then slammed the receiver down. Changing my phone number occurred to me at that point, but I didn't want to do it. I'd just had three thousand business cards printed up with that telephone number. Shit.

I looked at the phone and decided that I didn't want any more calls. I took the receiver off the hook and laid it next to the phone and went back to my book. Four lines later the phone started to buzz. I looked at it, stared at it, said "Ah, fuck it!", got up, put on my clothes and headed out to a bar for a beer.

Wouldn't it be my luck that that night, when I wasn't all that interested, into the bar comes a guy I'd been looking for for a long time? There was a little history to my search. Months before, I'd been invited to a little social affair, dinner and talk, by a friend of mine. Dave was a freaky topman who was also a gourmet cook and when you were able to get him out of his playroom, he'd put on a meal you'd never forget. He'd invited six of us that night.

Besides the great meal, there was a little entertainment. As we walked in the living room, we all immediately noticed that Dave had a new knick-knack on his coffee table. The knick-knack was a cute little son-of-a-gun about five-foot-nine, with a trim little body and a pair of nicely rounded buns. He was blond which didn't do all that much for me, but the rest of him made up for that fault.

The kid wasn't allowed to, or didn't want to, talk. He was stripped naked with his back to the front door, standing on the coffee table. His arms were over his head, where cuffs and chains pulled him to two hooks in the ceiling beam. He was stretched but could move around and most importantly he was free enough to be able to stick his butt out.

Dave told each of us as we arrived that he had invited us for a social not a sexual night, but that during the evening, if any of us got the urge, we were free to work on the kid's ass. Not fuck him, just work on it. Dave pointed to an array of paddles, whips and riding crops laid out around the kid's feet.

So during the before-dinner drinks, every once in a while one of the guys would get up and give the kid a few whacks. It was very low key, but I noticed the kid was completely turned on. When I got the urge, I took the smallest riding crop and gave the kid a few chops. Nothing diabolic, just an indication of my appreciation that he was there. His ass was already red and a little bruised. There were a couple of gould-sized welts from some of the more enthusiastic guests, but it was obvious the kid would live.

During dinner, he just hung there while we spent a couple of hours in the dining room. It was after dinner, though, that the kid got what I guess he had come for. We'd all smoked a little and drank a little, and with a terrific meal under our belts, we felt fine. To a man, we headed straight from that dining room towards that ready and willing ass.

"Nobody fucks him," Dave warned, which seemed a waste, but we all honored the rule. But that didn't stop us from warming that ass up good. I'd never in a long history of playroom games seen an ass take punishment like that kid took. Exclusively on the ass and continuous. He kept his ass stuck out for us, kept his eyes closed and never uttered a sound. Weird almost.

After six of us had taken turns on that ass for about forty-five minutes, and the kid's ass was bleeding and a mass of welts, he finally groaned. I was pounding him at the time with a paddle about four inches across, etched with grooves and with holes in it. I know what I was doing was hurting, a lot, but the kid wasn't groaning from pain. He was getting close to coming off.

I slammed him once more and the son-of-a-bitch, without touching himself, started to shoot. Big gobs of come shot out of his cock, landing all over the damned place. I just stood there, paddle in hand, watching. It was beautiful.

As soon as the kid finished shooting, he slumped down, hanging his head. Dave walked up to me and took the paddle. "That's it, boys," he said and laid the paddle down. Without saying anything, he undid the kid's wrists. Immediately the kid headed to the shower. His ass was one gory mess. He even

had blood running down his legs. A lot of it.

I had lit up another joint, picked up my coffee cup and was talking to somebody when the guy's eyes left me and moved to the doorway that led to Dave's bedroom and bathroom. I looked, too. The kid had walked back in. He was still naked. He went to Dave, who was standing close by me, and asked if he could have a scotch and water. Dave left to get it for him. The kid didn't look at anybody but just stood there, staring straight ahead. I glanced down at his ass. Amazing. All that blood, all those cuts, all those welts, all that puffiness were gone. Or most of it. The kid's ass looked like it had been slapped a few times with somebody's hand. No more damage than that. He was something.

Dave brought the kid a drink and he took it and headed for a chair in the corner. He looked at nobody, said nothing. I figured he was waiting around for us to leave so he and Dave could have a session.

An hour later, enough bull had been shot and I decided to leave. I walked over to Dave and thanked him, and just as I was heading to the door, I caught sight of the kid getting out of his chair and moving towards me. He caught up with me at the top of the stairs.

"If we ever meet again," the kid said, "I'd like to get together with you. Just the two of us." He hesitated and then looked up at me for the first time. "I'll do anything," he added.

I nodded my head and watched him walk back to the chair. A couple of days later I called Dave to thank him in the proper fashion and after the pleasantries, I asked him about the kid.

Dave didn't really know him, didn't know where he came from or where he was. He'd met him the afternoon of the dinner in a coffee shop, they'd talked, Dave had gotten a little of the kid's story and took him home. He didn't fuck with the kid either before all of us guys arrived or after we'd left. When the last guest was gone, the kid simply got up, walked to the bedroom, put on his clothes, came back, thanked Dave and walked out. He hadn't been seen since.

But there, on a Monday night, when I was feeling about as horny as a geriatrics ward, was the kid. I spotted him when he walked in and watched him. He got a beer and stood in the corner. About ten minutes later he started to move in my direction. I don't know if he recognized me or not. He walked directly up to me and stopped. I looked at him and he nodded. I nodded back. "Do you want to?" he asked. I nodded again and he headed to my truck.

He talked a little on the way to the house. He did have a name. Thomas. Not Tom; *Thomas*. He was from somewhere out of town and didn't get to the city often. He was twenty-six and looked younger. That was it. I told him I was a carpenter and he said, "I know."

We got to the house and I started to get him a beer, which I usually do to make my victims relax a little. I had great plans in store for this kid. He was weird and I was turned on.

He turned down the beer and suggested we get on with it, if I was ready. I led the way down the hall to the back bedroom. I've got a little playroom set up off to the side of that room. The back bedroom is for sex; the front one is for sleeping. I got him stripped and strung up and was just starting to play around with him a little when I heard the phone ring. That stopped me, especially when I remembered that I had left the receiver off the hook. I had, hadn't I?

"You'd better get that," Thomas said.

I looked at him, surprised at the tone of his voice. He was almost begging me to answer that damned phone. He never seemed to beg for anything before. I watched him for a second and then walked out of the back bedroom and went to the phone. It was still ringing when I picked it up.

"Hello?" There was nobody there. Or more exactly, there was somebody there but he wasn't saying anything. I said something like, "Shit!" and slammed down the receiver. It was right then that I heard the voice. "Don't turn around, Dan, and don't say anything."

I'd like to shit in my Levis. The voice was slow and menacing, the one I'd heard on the phone, only this time the menace didn't sound faked. I didn't turn around and I didn't say anything.

All I can remember is that I got a chill thinking of what this guy might have in store for me.

to be continued . . .



Since ass, nor peter, nor boundless semen
But sad debilitation affects lustful fancy,
How with this horniness shall love not sin
Whose horn is no stronger than a pansy?
Oh, how shall mouths and virgin tushes
Hold out

When cherries unbroke wink 'twixt
buttocks stol'd

Or mouths so rarely used that jaws lock?
O fearful fuck. How will it fit in
Where nothing has before, and even K-Y
Eases not the way to consummation's end
And bleeding buns lie 'neath victorious
thigh?

So if not love, then lust will turn
your tick

And if not a kind word, then a hard
prick.

'Don't forget! The host gets 'Pick of the Litter'!'



DRUMMER 34

Illustration by BILL WARD

**BOOK
SECTION**

MY BROTHER MY SLAVE

**Kurt
Kreischer**

CHAPTER FOUR

Terry skipped school the next day. It was just too much to face and he wasn't even sure he'd ever be able to go back at all... ever! He kept thinking of what Tom had told him about Saturday and it nagged at him. Some kind of beer party. He was so tired, so beat.

He examined himself in the dressing mirror very closely. The lash marks from the whipping with the belt were only faint pink traces across his skin and the mark by his nipple wasn't as big as it had looked the night before. Just a nick from a sharp tooth. He wondered idly just how much pain the human body could stand before it gave out completely.

His father was at work and his mother had left to visit a friend in the hospital. He wandered around the quiet house aimlessly trying to think of a way out of his dilemma, but his good judgement refused to function properly. He was just starting to fix himself some lunch when the front door opened suddenly and Tom appeared with another guy. He was at once both repelled and fascinated by the stranger. He was dressed mostly in leather with a chrome chain hanging through a loop over his left shoulder. The typical motorcycle type with heavy, clomping boots. His body was short and powerfully built and his face radiated a rugged masculinity that couldn't really be called handsome.

"Little brother, this is Rod. He's throwing the party on Saturday and he wants to inspect the merchandise first. Get your ass in the bedroom!"

Terry remained frozen where he was standing. Without hesitation the leather guy walked directly over to him and clamped a vice-like grip on the back of his neck and almost lifted him off the floor. He pushed Terry firmly in the direction of the bedroom, following Tom who was ignoring the whole scene.

"You don't follow orders very well, do you?" He slapped the boy with his free hand across the face sharply.

"He," Terry scurried to escape from the painful grip but to no avail.

"We'll take care of some of that stubbornness this weekend. I'm good at training new slaves, baby!" He had reached the bedroom with his helpless prey and shoved the startled boy through the open door, releasing his grip on his neck at the same time. Terry stumbled forward almost losing his balance.

"Strip off. Everything!" Rod ordered gruffly, just standing and watching with his arms crossed across his broad chest.

Terry looked pleadingly at his brother who was leaning casually up against the dresser with a smirk on his face. Terry lowered his eyes and began to undress in front of the two men. In a few seconds he was completely naked and stood self-consciously with his arms hanging limply at his side.

"Come over here!" Rod looked at him coldly and motioned Terry to walk to him. The boy obeyed without protest.

"See. I tell you I offer nothing but the best merchandise." Tom smiled proudly as Terry stopped directly in front of the strange man. Rod eyed the young man slowly up and down approvingly. He patted Terry's heavy balls in his right hand and pulled and twisted, examining their weight and was pleased at how far down they could be stretched before the naked boy grunted with the pain. He rolled Terry's nipples between his fingers.

"Yeah, I see what you mean, man. Those tits will take a lot of punishment, bitch." He ran his hand down over Terry's smooth, hard body and cupped a cheek of his ass in one hand. He licked his lips as he kneaded the flesh with his fingers like a lump of bread dough. Terry jerked as Rod's finger forced its way up into his crack and on into the tight hole hidden there. The invading finger pushed and stretched as if testing for fitness. "Man, that's tight ass. He hasn't been screwed much, has he?"

"Nope. Only three times that I know about. Unless baby brother has been getting a little on the side, huh?" He looked at Terry with a sneer on his face and laughed.

Rod wrapped his other hand around the boy's thick cock and squeezed it tightly. He pulled the soft muscle out to its full length and nodded his head slowly. "Yep, that'll take a

good cock harness. Great stuff!" He let go of Terry's prick and pulled his finger roughly out of his asshole. He smiled coldly as the kid winced. Then he reached up and shoved the same finger in between the boy's lips and forced it on into the wet cavity. "Clean it off, slave. Clean it real good!" Terry sucked it hesitantly until Rod was satisfied.

"Well, what do you think?" There was an eager look on Tom's face as he waited for the man's answer.

Rod stood looking at Terry pensively for a few moments. The boy hadn't had the nerve to utter a single sound. "He's awful pretty. He'll be marked up a little bit afterwards, ya' know."

"Oh, no. If he's gonna get marks on him I want more money!" Tom had walked over to join them. "I'll have to wait until they go away before I can rent him out again. I'll lose money, not make it!"

"I'll give you an extra twenty-five bucks for the privilege man. He'll still be good for blow jobs, anyhow!" He looked frankly into Tom's face. "Take it or leave it. That's higher than most guys."

"It's a deal. I'm glad you dig him!" Tom breathed a sigh of relief and ordered Terry to put his clothes back on.

Rod looked Tom up and down appraisingly. "Too bad you're not queer, too! A pair of groovy twins would be a trip, man."

"Huh uh, no way. Not for double the money!" Tom laughed. Then as Rod turned to leave the room.

"Okay. Have him there about seven Saturday night and have him wear something that's not too important. We play a little rough!"

Tom left with the stranger and Terry sat on his bed visibly shaken. Suddenly he had no more appetite. He heard a motor cycle pull away from in front of the house. Tom walked happily back into the bedroom whistling to himself.

"What... what are they going to... to do to me?" He looked searchingly into his brother's face. His voice was tinged with fear.

"Don't sweat it. They're just going to use your pretty little bod to get their kicks, that's all!" He walked up in front of the full length mirror and looked at himself proudly. "Yeah, I'll bet they would like to get their hands on both of us!" He turned to face his brother. "I'm glad it didn't take too fuckin' long. Get your ass up and come with me. We have an appointment!"

"Oh, no, Tom. Please not another one. I'm so damned tired."

CHAPTER FIVE

He was lying on his bed the next evening thinking and remembering his night with Bob and feeling very lonely. He wished that he could have stayed longer and maybe never come home! This house seemed so dull and quiet. He hated staring at the same four walls. Bob had seemed so alive, so filled with good feelings. He ached to be with him again.

He cringed mentally as his brother entered the room. His face was dark and moody and he didn't say anything to Terry at first. Terry heard the shower running a few minutes later and braced himself for the inevitable.

Tom came out still in the nude, drying himself with a large white towel. His skin still dripped water onto the carpet and he looked over at Terry with a hard expression on his face.

"Well, punk, put one over on me, did it ya?" He patted his heavy genitals deliberately as he dried his crotch. "Did you have a groovy time? Maybe got a little bit of cock up your ass?" His tone of voice was scornful.

"I just stayed overnight with friends. That's all there was to it. I just wanted to get away from your ugly face, if you want the honest truth!"

"I still bet they screwed that pretty little ass of yours, didn't they?" He had finished drying himself and remained in the nude sitting on his bed facing Terry. "I'm not going to fuck around with you tonight. I'm so goddamned mad that I'd probably leave marks all over that queer body of yours!" He smiled coldly. "And that wouldn't be too cool since tomorrow is your big day. And my big pay day!" He swung his legs up onto the bed and stretched out on his back. "And you're gonna get screwed silly by that bunch!" He laughed aloud as he pictured it in his mind.

Terry could picture it, too, sort of, but it didn't make him laugh. He was really scared!

"Besides, I got myself a piece of pussy last night and it was a hell of a lot better than your ass!"

"I hope you got V.D. along with it, big shot!"

Tom raised up and looked at him menacingly. "Cool it, kid! Don't push me too far. I'm still boss around here, ya' know!" He watched Terry as the boy crossed the room and pulled a school book from the shelf. "And I'm really gonna enjoy watchin' that bunch of bastards work you over good. They're experts at it." He grinned and lay back down with a sigh.

Terry shuddered slightly at the unknown threat in his brother's words. He was probably building it up all out of proportion, just mad about last night, he hoped desperately. He fell onto his bed and turned over onto his stomach. His asshole was very sore from Bob's big dick. He pretended to be studying, his mind running ahead of him like a rabbit. He chewed on his lower lip nervously. Whatever it was couldn't be any worse than what he'd already been put through by his brother! It just couldn't.

Later, as he was getting undressed for bed, Tom got up and went to the bathroom. He returned with a plastic bottle of some kind of skin lotion. "Strip everything off. I've got to get your skin feelin' nice and soft and smooth for tomorrow!" he ordered gruffly.

"Oh, come off it!" Terry looked his brother in the face defiantly.

Tom shoved him back onto the bed and yanked at his undershorts. Terry obliged when he saw that his brother was deadly serious. He slipped the briefs to his ankles and kicked them off.

"Lay down on your back first." As Terry reclined, Tom began massaging the cold lotion all over his chest. He worked rapidly as if the whole thing was an unpleasant chore. Then he grabbed the boy's cock and rubbed the stuff very roughly all over the heavy tube and down over his testicles. He slapped them slightly as he worked in the fluid just trying to make his brother squirm a little. When Terry's entire face and front of his body was saturated, he turned over at Tom's command and lay on his belly. The strong hands probed and rubbed all over his solid back and shoulders and then down into the curve of the boy's ass. His fingers forced themselves between the cheeks and massaged, hitting the asshole. Terry winced uncontrollably.

"I told you that you'll get fucked, didn't I?" He shoved one finger part way up the hole roughly, causing Terry to yell at the sudden pain. His brother laughed and continued applying the lotion on down his muscular legs and even onto his feet. Then he returned the bottle to the medicine chest and went to bed without another word. Terry remained motionless for a few minutes and then crawled between the sheets gratefully. He had been spared, at least for now, and he was thankful for even the small favors!

Tom was already gone when he got up the next morning, but there was a note on the bathroom mirror. "Stick around the house today if you know what's good for you! I've laid out what I want you to wear to the party. Have them on and be ready to go by six thirty." It wasn't even signed. The clothes laid out were an old and faded pair of tight levis, almost too tight, and a worn T shirt. The levis had a few holes in them, one right on the cheek of his ass. There were no shorts and Terry wondered if he was supposed to wear any. He decided against it rather than make Tom any madder! There were no socks . . . just an old, battered pair of tennis shoes. He stared at the pieces for a few seconds and then walked away shrugging his shoulders. Fled of an outfit to wear to a party, he thought wonderingly.

He was ready when Tom walked into the bedroom at exactly six thirty that evening. He felt ridiculous in the overly-tight, battered levis. His brother stood back and appraised his appearance ordering him to turn around. The pink skin of his ass showed through the hole in the seat and he could feel the cool air on it as they left the house. He hadn't been allowed to wear a jacket . . . but Tom had one on . . . and Terry had goose bumps from the gathering chill. He held himself in a warm embrace as they drove silently through the almost deserted streets. Tom's jaw was set firmly and his eyes were cold and without feeling as they got out of the car in front of a closed and stark looking garage. Pieces of automobiles were

laying in piles around the building, making it look more like a junk yard. A realtor's sign was hanging on the closed metal door. For Sale.

Terry shivered more with a fear of the unknown than from the cold air. Tom had him by the arm firmly and led him to the building. He knocked loudly on the metal and waited apprehensively. A smaller door within the big one opened and Rod looked out at them from under a leather cap.

"Well, if it isn't tonight's entertainment!" He swung the small door all the way open and motioned for them to enter. They had to duck their heads as they passed through.

Rod locked the opening behind them and stood looking at Terry almost hungrily. "Yeah, man. That's gonna be good stuff. It'd better be!" He glanced at Tom warningly. His fingers found the patch of bare skin and he pinched the boy's ass viciously and grinned at Terry's reactions. "Not too many here yet, only about ten, but the party's expected to have about twenty five or so. It won't be too long."

A few leather clad young men milled around the big interior of the garage in small groups. Some were already looking in their direction. Bright spot lights were mounted near the high, metal-beamed ceiling and were trained on the center of the floor. A lot of junk was shoved around the edges of the big floor against the walls along with a few chairs, an old sofa, the stuffing leaking out and a couple of little tables. Most of those a ready there, however, simply sat on boxes and crates. There was one single, large wooden box under the bright lights in the center of the room.

Rod took Terry by the back of his neck and shoved him to the middle of the room and ordered him to turn around with his back to him. There were a couple of shouts of approval from the onlookers and a few whistles. Terry did as he was told to do obediently. Rod pulled his hands behind his back and he felt cold metal being snapped around his wrists. The cuffs were too tight and they pinched his skin painfully. Rod turned him back around, reached up and pulled his crotch through the T shirt. Then he shoved the boy backwards and he landed on his butt, sitting down hard onto the wooden crate.

"Now you just sit there and be a good little boy until I tell you different. Understand?"

Terry nodded his head and remained mute as Rod walked over to check on the beer that was cooling in a tub of ice in one corner. Terry looked around him shyly, visually checking out each person close enough to see. They were mostly in their early twenties or so, and they all looked menacing, he decided quickly! More small groups were coming through the metal front door of the garage and were being greeted first by Rod. Terry felt foolish sitting all alone in the bright lights with his hands fastened helplessly behind his back. He shifted on the crate uncomfortably and cleared his throat nervously. His mouth was dry and he had a tense knot in the pit of his stomach.

One of the new arrivals had been talking to Rod and looking in Terry's direction. The boy tensed as the young man walked casually toward him.

"Hey, now, what have we here, a new slave?" He absorbed Terry's youthful good-looks with his hard, dark eyes and smiled. He reached out and ran his hand over the boy's chest, hesitating over the protruding nipples under his T shirt. "God damn, those would make nice chewin'!" He mashed them between his thumb and forefinger like a vice. The kid groaned and tried to pull away. The guy's eyes glowed with pleasure. "Tender tits, eh?" He groped the boy's crotch through the tight Levis. His fingers found his balls and squeezed, rubbing the two of them together viciously as he watched Terry's eyes open wide with the pain.

"Please, please don't hurt me." Terry had promised not to say anything but he was becoming more frightened by the minute and it was obvious that this guy liked to hurt him.

"That's it, baby, beg me to stop." He increased the pressure of his hand. "Man, have you got a surprise comin'. You ain't seen nothin' yet!" He let go of Terry's nuts as several other guys wandered over to get a better look at the handsome boy. They were all holding cans of beer in their hands and a couple of them were obviously already feeling the effects of a few others. Terry winced without meaning to as he felt their hands feeling his body in various places. They examined his arms, shoulders, and a lot more of his crotch. He wanted to close his eyes but he was afraid that one of

them might slug him!

They made him stand up and he heard mumbled comments and a few laughs as they ran their hands over his round ass excitedly. Rod had seen them gathering and walked over to join the others.

"Okay, guys, I guess you already know who the center of attraction is gonna be here tonight! Ain't he beautiful? And he's only seventeen years old, too. Not old, used merchandise like a few of the others we've had to use!" There were murmurs of approval in the audience. "I'm glad ya' like my choice, it cost a hell of a lot, too!" A few laughs and dirty comments reached Terry's burning ears.

Rod looked at the boy threateningly. "Stand up on the crate, kid!" Terry hesitated for a moment and then managed to obey the tough little man, with difficulty because he couldn't use his hands. Rod joined him on top of the box. "Now we'll unwrap our little surprise." He reached up to Terry's collar and suddenly ripped open the front of his tight T shirt with one violent downward pull. He looked down at himself with surprise and saw that his whole chest was exposed; so was his belly! He looked into Rod's face with disbelief. The short, muscular man was staring at the bare skin avidly and Terry heard more shouts of approval from the gathered men. The back of the shirt was ripped off in the same manner, leaving only the remains of the short sleeves hanging over his shoulders. Without hesitation the strong young man grabbed the edge of the hole in Terry's levis and gave a vicious yank, almost knocking the boy off of his feet. He pulled and ripped until one entire cheek was gearing in the light and part of his muscular thigh. There were groans of appreciation from the audience as Rod stood back to examine the effect of his work. He was sweating slightly and it glistened under the bright spot lights. He grinned and ran his hand over the smooth, firm buttock, icing his lips. He reached around and ripped open the buttons of Terry's pants and yanked them down just enough to see the pubic hair and the very base of his cock. The dark blond hair gleamed under the bright lights just like the curls on his head. Terry looked down in amazement, unable to believe what was going on. What the hell was he going to wear home! The buttons had all popped off and had flown down into the crowd. A few guys reached down and grabbed for them, but most just stood with their eyes riveted to the boy's partially exposed cock.

"Ready?" Rod looked down into the faces of the crowd expectantly. They all held their breath in anticipation. Rod jumped from the crate and grabbed the pants legs and began sliding them down inch by inch. Terry's heavy cock at last swung free of the confining material and dangled invitingly in the light. He lowered his face in shame at some of the remarks from the group. Rod continued inching them down until his balls swung loosely in the air, and then on down to his ankles. He stood back and looked at the naked and embarrassed young boy with sadistic pleasure on his rugged face.

A few guys started to rush onto the box but Rod held his hands up for silence. "Not tonight, men, at least not yet! This is gonna be strictly classic stuff. No rough crap, at least until the fuckin' starts!" He smiled into the impassioned faces around him knowingly. There were a few growls of disappointment, but this was Rod's party after all and they acquiesced sullenly. Tom watched from the shadows, fascinated by the whole scene.

Rod took two men to a far corner of the room and they carried back a large, heavy contraption made of wood. It had chains and pulleys attached to it at various points and they clattered noisily as they dragged it up next to the crate where Terry was standing, petrified.

It looked a little like the framework for a big, high table but with holes and beams at odd places. Rod dragged a box of instruments over next to the table and then ordered Terry down from the crate. When the boy jumped down, his cock and balls slapped against his body heavily. Rod unsnapped the handcuffs from behind his back and Terry sighed with relief. He rubbed his wrists as he stared at the wooden framework in front of him. Tom had moved out into the light and now stood directly behind the closely packed crowd and craned his neck to see what was going on. He didn't give a damn what they'd do. Rod had already given him half of the cash and the rest would be in his hot hands right after the party.

Rod made Terry step out of the remains of his pants and

pulled the few tatters of cloth from the boy's shoulders. Then he walked around behind the terrified boy and ordered someone else to take his feet. There were many who tried to be the one to help but it was first come first served. Terry was lifted bodily up over the framework of wood and laid on his back on the beams. Rod yanked his arms up over his head and fastened them into thick leather cuffs, one arm up to each corner. He did the same to the legs until the boy was hopelessly restrained in the shape of a large X. Eager fingers from the gathered group fondled his genitals roughly and ran over every exposed surface of his body feverishly.

Suddenly the foot of the table dropped until Terry was almost in a position of standing. He felt the other end being raised at the same time. The weight on his wrists hurt as the frame finally stabilized. He looked pleadingly out into the staring faces around him as Rod brought things back from the box and laid them at the foot of the table.

"Know what this is, kid?" Rod patted the wood almost lovingly. Terry shook his head futilely. "We call it our 'rack'. I made it myself!" he said proudly. "We use it to whip slaves into shape fast!" He laughed coldly at the dumbfounded expression on the boy's innocent face. He lifted Terry's heavy hanging balls in the palm of his hand and looked at them with desire. "Well, they're not bad, I guess, but I'd like to make 'em hang a little lower. Would you like that, kid? Would ya'?" He stared into Terry's face with intense passion. The frightened boy shook his head frantically.

"No, please . . . I'm satisfied with them. Honest I am!" He was a nose negger rather than to go through anything this guy had on his mind! He thought of Bob and Roger and suddenly he was confused.

"Tough shit. I'm the boss around here, not your fuckin' brother and I own you for tonight from earlobes to asshole!" He grabbed a leather strap about an inch wide and wrapped it tightly around Terry's testicles holding the nuts down away from his trembling body. The balls bulged tightly at the other end. Hanging from the piece of leather were two thin chains, one in front and one on the other side. On the other end of the chains was a metal pipe several inches long with a large bolt at one end. Rod took a round barbell weight from the box and undid the bolt, sliding the weight onto the pipe about half way up. Then he replaced the nut and continued holding the small weight half way up the metal tube. He looked slowly up into the boy's face as the crowd shoved and pushed its way up closer to take the best advantage of the kid's discomfort. His body was shiny with a tight sweat from the tension and the intense lights. His wide blue eyes were opened in terror as he stared down at Rod wildly. With a slight chuckle Rod let go of the weight and it slid down the pipe and stopped against the bolt with a slam. Terry's nuts bounced from the impact. He opened his handsome mouth and screamed in agony as the jolt of weight hit the bottom, pulling his balls further down away from his body tortuously, painfully. The on-lookers groaned at his misery, their eyes bright with sexual fascination.

Rod raised the weight back up the entire length of the pipe this time and stood expectantly, staring up at the boy's face.

"Oh, no . . . please . . . please not again . . . please take it off . . . my balls . . ." Terry pleaded loudly and clearly, unable to restrain himself against this torture.

Rod laughed aloud as he let the weight go the full length of the pipe this time. Terry's body twisted and stretched in agony and he cried out hopelessly. His eyes were blurred from the pain and Rod looked unclear below him. Rod left the weight hanging free and reached for something on the floor. The longer the weight hung there the heavier it seemed to get and Terry's nuts ached relentlessly. He groaned mindlessly. Rod slipped a ring over his cock and shoved it to the base against the soft hair. It barely fit around the heavy meat and had a small chain fastened to one side. He pulled the chain up and fastened it around Terry's neck to hold the ring in place below.

"I wouldn't suggest getting a hardon, slave, that thing has spikes on it . . . on the inside!" He grinned with obvious pleasure as he started fondling the boy's cock. "If that thing gets any bigger than it is it's gonna hurt . . . bad!" Terry winced at the words. He could feel the blunted spikes even without getting an erection! They pressed coldly against the tender flesh at the base of his dick.

Suddenly a pair of metal clamps touched the flesh of his

nipples. They had saw teeth on them as he could plainly see when Rod opened them slowly before his terrified eyes. They bit into the tender tits clamping only onto the nipples themselves. The boy yelled at the top of his lungs in protest and the audience squirmed quietly. Each camp had a piece of chain hanging from it and Rod proceeded to intensify his agony by placing some metal weights on the chains by means of hooks through the links. Late time he strung a weight, the nipple pulled out a little further from his chest until he was sure he would faint from the burning agony. Rod put the final weight on the clamps and smiled in satisfaction as he slowly eyes his victim.

Terry tried to remain perfectly still so that he wouldn't move the weights on his balls or his tits. It didn't seem to hurt as bad when he remained perfectly motionless. Rod disappeared from the boy's sight and went around behind him. Immediately the crowd's gaze switched to his rear. The sadist caressed his buttocks gently with trembling hands, savoring their hard young beauty. They gleamed in the light, delicious, tempting.

There was no sound, no movement for a few moments. The front of his body burned with inescapable pain and he had to glance furtively at his tits to make sure they weren't bleeding yet. Suddenly he felt something cold and hard snap against his naked ass. Rod walked around in front of him again and held it up before his face. It was a huge rubber cock, bigger than Bob had been built, and it was lubed with some kind of grease. It was at least one foot long and as big around as the small end of a baseball bat. He opened his mouth to yell but no sound came from his parched throat. Rod smiled down at his tortured balls.

"Hmmmmm, not hangin' low enough yet, baby." He took another round weight and added it to the existing metal disc. Terry's balls stretched out to their limit and the pain spread up from his groin and flowed agonizingly into every corner of his helpless body. He begged and pleaded for mercy tearfully, promising to do anything, but his words fell on deaf ears. His cries only intensified the desire the man had to completely devastate his body. Rod walked around behind him once more and suddenly he felt the monstrous head of the rubber cock slipped between the cheeks of his vulnerable ass and touch against the tiny hole. Rod pushed on it, twisting in a circular motion to make it enter faster and more painfully. It was through the opening and part way into his gut before Terry had time to protest. His asshole contracted in spasms of agony as it forced its way deeper into his insides. He felt as if his whole gut was filled with its bulk. He moved away from its intrusion instinctively and immediately felt the weights on the front of his body begin to swing dangerously.

The prodding with the horrendous instrument increased in fury and it was soon pulling back and ramming home its full length, smashing against his insides viciously. The crowd was almost frantic with desire as they tried to move in closer to see his asshole squeeze the rubber dick as it contracted painfully trying to force it out. It continued its violent assault upon his young ass and he bellowed tearfully for Rod to stop. He heard a harsh laugh from behind him and the ramming became more violent in its attack. His balls were stretched to the limit and his tits were tortured beyond their limit. Rod shoved the hard rubber tool full length into his body and fastened a belt over it and around his hips to hold it in full length. He moved quickly in front of Terry and buckled it tightly. Terry felt as if he had a telephone pole up his ass.

Rod lit a cigarette casually and smoked at it for a few seconds as he looked approvingly at the young boy's agonized expression. Slowly he raised it to the kid's bare chest and began pressing the lit end against his chest muscles in slow, searing pushes, forming a letter of the alphabet. He touched it to the boy's bare skin in a series of closely spaced dots causing Terry to jerk with each contact of the fire against his flesh. Slowly the words formed across his smooth, pale skin and at last Rod stood back to read the message.

"Want to know what it says, slave?" He chuckled to himself at the perfection of his printing. "It says 'slave... fuck me'." He took his hand and swung the ball weights hard from side to side. Terry was ready to pass out from the abuse. His stomach felt queasy and he felt as if he might just be going a little bit crazy. "Okay, if that's what you want, that's what you get." Rod stroked the boy's prick lightly with his big fingers. "We aim to please, baby, and you're gonna be

pleased!" He lowered his head to Terry's cock and began sucking it gently and slowly, running his tongue lightly against the surface inside his warm mouth. He was an expert at what he was doing and, against his will and in spite of the pain racking his body, Terry could feel his meat beginning to swell and pulse. He gritted his teeth in agony as the spikes of the metal ring began to bite into his sensitive flesh. The pressure increased with the sucking and at last his dick was completely gorged with blood and the metal bit into his flesh without mercy.

"For God's sake, stop . . . please, I beg you . . . I'll do anything you want me to . . . but please stop hurting me." The tears flowed down his young, beautiful face unashamed. He gasped for air and felt as if he was going to suffocate.

Rod laughed sadistically and walked behind him again. He twisted violently as the rubber cock was slipped from beneath the belt and yanked callously from his hole. Terry's head fell mumbling against his chest at the sudden extraction. He felt like he was on fire. Then the rack was slowly lowered into a horizontal position once again.

Two people disengaged his limbs from the table and turned him over, grunting under the weight of his body. He was replaced onto the stand upside down and the pain racked boy howled in agony. He was now lying on his face and staring at the dirty floor below him. All the weights on his balls and tits swung menacingly beneath him under the rack and the pain was almost unbearable. He had never imagined how much pain a man's balls could cause him to feel. His arms and legs were restrained again and he protested feebly. The foot of the rack was broken and lowered, putting him into a squared position, as if he were standing bent forward at the waist. The weights on his balls hit his shins as their pendulum movements slowed to a stop.

Rod stepped suddenly in front of his face which was at the very edge of the rack. The level of the table was just exactly crotch high and he stared boldly at the throbbing piece of meat in front of him. Rod had stripped off everything but his boots and his leather jacket. His hairy chest and stomach heaved with excitement as he pressed his dick against Terry's sex. His lips were an average length prick, not monstrously thick and heavy veined. He had a leather belt in his hands and at the boy's refusal to open his mouth, he swung it up in a wide arc and it landed with a tremendous smash against Terry's upturned ass. The weights swung again at his reflex and he groaned in tortured agony. The belt arched again ferociously and Terry opened his mouth obediently.

"Wet it down, baby. Get it good and wet 'cause it's the only tube you're gonna have before I shove it up your beautiful little ass!" Terry sucked eagerly, trying to quickly satiate the madman before him but, when it was saturated with spit, Rod pulled his cock out of his mouth and went around behind him. He shoved it forward in the same moment as he spread the small buns apart. It penetrated the already tortured asshole immediately, forcing itself all the way in with one gigantic shove. Terry's screams echoed and bounced against the walls and reverberated into the corners of the ceiling. Rod started screwing his partner's ass from the very first entry. The hard rod flashed in and out rapidly and without mercy. The big hands reached around and under the boy's body and pulled roughly at the clamps on his tits and yanked the weights around his balls. His teeth found Terry's back and shoulders and he chewed the smooth skin viciously. Exclamations rose from the eager crowd of "Harder . . . harder." Terry found it hard to catch his breath as the attack continued without let up. The first spurt of cum landed with force against his intestines and the fury increased accordingly. In and out it flew, shaking the boy's helpless body with its slamming impact against his rear. Terry grunted with each forward thrust, feeling the head of the cock jamming against his insides. At last the flood abated and Rod lay on top of his semi-reclining body exhausted. He rested there for a few moments panting heavily. As the cries from the crowd increased, he slid the wet instrument of torture from between the cheeks and stood back for the next attacker to mount Terry's ass.

One by one they fucked his face with cocks of all sizes and shapes. The cum finally flowed from his mouth as he became tired and was unable to swallow any more. The sadistic attacks upon his asshole seemed only to increase in fury and he was sure he must be bleeding by now. He groaned

helplessly as the rapists yanked cruelly at the weights on the front of his naked body to increase their own enjoyment. A mouth found his dick beneath the table and the spikes were soon biting viciously into his flesh and causing him perhaps more pain than any of the other devices. To himself mentally, his hardon was despite, not because of, his pain. But how could he be sure?

Rod walked up in front of his face and stood with his legs apart, his cock dangling heavily in front of the boy's blurred vision.

"Not bad, not bad stuff . . . for an amateur!" He pushed his dick toward Terry's mouth and the boy accepted it automatically. "I forgot to wash my cum down." The flow began and the kid swallowed without resistance. The warm, musky liquid flowed into his waiting mouth and flooded his guts. The stream was hard and long and at last he stopped trying and simply let it run into his mouth and right back out again. It ran down onto Rod's balls and trickled down onto the floor of the garage. At last it slowed to a halt and the man released his bonds from around the wrists and ankles without another word. He was pulled to his feet gruffly, the weights reminding him painfully that they were still attached to his nude body. They were relieved one by one and at last he stood free and clear of all the agony. His asshole ached horribly and his lips felt so thick that he didn't even try to say anything. Rod shoved him across the floor roughly and he landed heavily at his brother's feet. The remains of his clothing were tossed onto his back and he just lay there motionless.

His brother's foot prodded him hard against the chest. "Get that fuckin' body covered and let's get out of here!" Tom looked up at Rod with a question in his eyes. "Where's the rest of my money. Wasn't it worth it?"

"You'll have to come back tomorrow. I can't find my pants. I'll pay you tomorrow. I promise!" Rod looked down at Terry's cowering body almost scornfully. "And it was worth it. Hell yes, it was worth every fuckin' penny!" His boot landed against Terry's ass with a resounding thump. "He's gonna make somebody a damn good slave. How much you want for him, permanently?"

"No deal, man. I know he's worth money and it's gonna be all mine!" He glanced down at Terry who was beginning to try to attach the odds and ends of clothing to his frame. "I'll be back tomorrow for sure and you better have the cash!" They left together, Terry dressed only in the tattered remains of a pair of levis and tennis shoes and no shirt. As the cold air bit into his skin he shivered violently. Tom removed his jacket and threw it at him in the darkness. "Don't want ya' catchin' a cold on a s'fing. You're gonna be dynamite, kid, absolute dynamite!" The ride home was in total silence. The pain flowed through Terry's body with every movement, every bump in the road.

Their parents were asleep when they got home and Tom maneuvered Terry hurriedly through the house. As Terry let go of his levis, they fell to his ankles. Tom traced the letters that were burned into his chest with his finger. "Okay, let's get to it!"

He screwed Terry furiously before he went to bed. He tried to make it worse than anything the kid had endured all evening.

CHAPTER SIX

He flinched at the sight of himself in the full-length mirror the next day. The obscene words stood out angrily against his fair flesh and he blushed to think that anyone might see them before they went away. The blisters burned badly and he rubbed ointment on them after he showered. There were welts across the cheeks of his ass from the lashing with the heavy belt and the bite marks all over his shoulders and half-way down his back. The skin on his tits was broken open from the saw toothed clamps and his balls were bruised. His asshole felt like it was on fire and he had almost passed out on the commode.

Tom had already left but he entered the room again as his brother stood surveying the damage done to his ravaged body. "You're a fuckin' mess, ain't ya?" He laughed as he looked the naked boy up and down. "Want me to get the camera and get a picture of those words on your chest, kid?" He slapped Terry's sore puns smartly. "I'm sure Mom and Dad would get a kick out of it." He pulled Terry's nipples out away from his

body simultaneously and the boy almost sank to his knees from the pain. Then Tom went to the closet and took out the Polaroid. "Come to think of it, that's not a bad idea. Just a little extra insurance, huh?"

Terry was too tired to fight or argue and he knew he was helpless in this situation, anyhow. He stood dutifully facing his brother with his hands at his sides as the flash went off and the picture was achingly true to life. His message had come across clearly.

After Tom had coated it he put the camera away whistling happily to himself and waving the print in the air to dry. "Gotta go collect the rest of my bread from that fuckin' Rod. See ya'." He left the room still fanning the picture in the breeze and smiling.

Terry sat down heavily on the bed and dialed Bob's number. It was Sunday, maybe he'd be home. He needed someone to talk to right now.

"Yes, hi, Terry. You don't sound so good. What's the trouble?" The sound of his deep, friendly voice soothed Terry's nerves like a tranquilizer. He felt like crying, but he was all cried out.

"Bob, you know that problem I never discussed with you?"

"Sure, want to talk about it now, baby?"

"I think I'd better, it's gotten way out of hand!" He started to rub his chest and winced at the sudden painful reminder.

"Want me to pick you up today? I'd be more than happy to, for more reasons than one."

"No, better wait 'til next weekend if I live that long! You, you wouldn't like the way I look right now, anyway."

"I don't like the way that sounds. Are you sure you want to wait that long, Terry?"

"Yeah, I'll call you Friday night to let you know for sure, okay?" He listened to the other voice for a moment. "Okay, bye!"

As he set the receiver down he felt somehow relieved already. He was thankful for having at least one friend in the world, the whole damned rotten world! He laid down on his bed and was soon catching up on his escape sleeping; his wet dream didn't even wake him.

As Tom stopped in front of the garage, he began to feel a little apprehensive. He didn't like Rod or this place.

Rod was a long time in answering, but finally his ruggedly masculine face appeared in the door blinking at the fierce sunshine. "Yeah? What is it? Oh, it's you. Maybe?"

"It's Tom. I came for the rest of my money. My brother's pretty badly messed up, ya' know? We earned it. He picked at his nails nervously. Rod motioned for him to come in and he did, hesitantly . . .

As the door closed behind him, his eyes found it hard to adjust to the dimmer light of the interior. He peered off across the open space and noticed that there were four or five guys working on their motorcycles. Rod took him by the arm and walked over to the group.

"Look what's here, guys, our slave's brother, come to collect the rest of his bread." They all looked up at the newcomer coldly and almost to the man, they also looked him slowly up and down. Their inspection made Tom feel extremely nervous and he wished that Rod would just pay him and let him get out.

"Oh, Rod, you forgot to tell him about that part of the deal," a deep voice chided. "He's as pretty as his brother used to be!" The man laughed at his own remark.

"Yeah, maybe prettier, from the look of that bulge in his pants." Another one had joined the conversation.

Tom had a sudden urge to run for the door but he felt the anger rising up inside of his chest and he was determined to get his money.

Rod looked at him with mock sorrow on his face. "And shit, man, I did forget to tell you about that one little condition. The last half of the payment was for you!" He smiled at Tom and waited for the realization to hit him. Tom just stood looking puzzled from one face to the other. They were all smiling at him now. They had set aside their tools and remained perfectly still where they were.

He finally understood what the remark had meant and he shook his head violently. "Oh, no, man, no deal. Keep your fuckin' money, you bastard!" He turned and started to run for the entrance. No one tried to stop him. He hit the door

and tried desperately to open it. It was locked, just like always. He panicked and his heart raced madly. He heard laughter from behind him and whirled to face the others. This bunch of fairies was going to try to get at his bod! He couldn't believe that he could possibly be in this kind of situation, not him.

Rod walked slowly toward him very casually with his hands behind his back. The others rose to their feet and followed him toward the trunk boy who was looking around desperately for another way out of the building.

"There isn't another way out of here, pretty boy. You're trapped!" They all laughed and continued moving toward him. "You might just as well relax and enjoy it. I knew I'd have both of ya', eventually." Rod stopped directly in front of Tom so close that his hot breath brushed the boy's cheek.

Tom suddenly doubled over in pain as Rod's knee came up into his groin with a grinding smash. He was grabbed from behind in the same instant and the handcuffs were snapped onto his wrists hastily before he could offer any resistance. The agony welled up inside of his body. Rod grabbed his blond hair and yanked him into an upright position again. He pressed his mouth down hard on Tom's lips and shoved his tongue inside the protesting mouth. Tom felt disgusted. He'd never kissed a man before.

He tried to twist away as Rod grabbed him by the front of his sport shirt but it was too late. The cloth ripped away from his chest exposing his flat stomach and hard muscles. He could feel the cool air against his nipples. Rod groaned and stroked his skin lightly with his big, rough hands. His eyes were wide with excitement and Tom cringed at his touch. Another guy was unbuckling his belt and then he felt his pants slide down off of his hips and land around his ankles. Rod immediately cupped the crotch of his shorts in his hand and felt the contents eagerly.

"Well, I'll be damned!" Rod's voice was hard with restrained desire as he enjoyed his captive's near nakedness with pleasure. "It's just like another one of them miracles, a rising from the dead you might say." He rubbed his dirty hands down along Tom's sides and over his hips. "Got a mark on him. Fresh and pretty, and it's just like havin' his brother here again, ain't it?" His fingers were tugging at Tom's shorts gently, sliding one side down an inch and then the other, enjoying the expectation. Soon his heavy cock came free and dangled invitingly in front of the staring eyes around him. The guy was still holding his cuffed hands tightly behind him but now he loosened his grip a little and peered around the nude boy and exclaimed in amazement. Tom was a little bigger built than his brother, but it was mostly in the thickness. The heavy veins showed clearly at the base. The shorts continued their descent and almost immediately he was stark naked as his shorts joined his trousers around his ankles. He lowered his eyes and looked at himself as if not believing that he was actually stripped against his will in front of a bunch of queers! He flushed as he saw his cock and balls dangling in the breeze.

One by one they fondled his genitals and rubbed their rough, greasy hands over the smooth, rounded cheeks of his ass. A tall guy with well-trained bulging muscles and no shirt stepped around behind him and wrapped his big arms around Tom's waist and hoisted him a few inches off of the floor. Rod stooped and pulled his clothes the rest of the way off and removed his shoes and socks. He tossed them casually over against the garage door. The body builder sat him down with a jolt and Rod grabbed both of his tits in his fingers and pulled. It hurt so bad that the boy didn't try to resist and followed along obediently as the man pulled him toward the center of the room by the nipples. They stretched out away from his chest and he gritted his teeth from the pain. No matter how fast he tried to move to follow Rod's lead, the man moved just a little faster to keep up the tension on his tortured tits.

"This ain't gonna be no classic scene either, man, no matter what you say." It was the voice of the muscle man behind him.

"Nope, it's not gonna be classic. We can give him hell, our way!" Rod was grinning cruelly at his helpless prey.

When they reached their desired spot, the muscle guy forced Tom down into a sitting position on the dirty floor and ~~one~~ else grabbed his legs gruffly and tied each ankle to a stake driven into the garage floor leaving him spread wide open. The handcuffs were slipped off and he was shoved

onto his back by the sole of Rod's boot. His arms were instantly raised above his head and fastened to two other wide spread stakes. The group of six men gathered over him and stared down at his helpless body with satisfaction. The muscular man was breathing very hard and his eyes glittered. Tom shivered uncontrollably. Someone panted a boot in his groin and he yelped as he felt the weight of the man's body standing on him for just an instant.

"Tender, ain't he?" It had been the big guy again.

"Get me a slave harness!" Rod ordered crisply. "And a cock harness, too."

Someone returned almost immediately with the desired articles and Tom looked up at them totally bewildered. "You can't get away with this, man. You're gonna be in deep shit when I get outta here!"

Rod looked down at him and laughed coarsely. He reached down and slowly and deliberately unfastened his fly and pulled out his short, thick cock which was partially hard. He aimed it at Tom's amazed face and poured a heavy, splashing stream of warm piss all over his head and bare shoulders. Tom frowned and closed his eyes as they started to burn from the urine. He felt like throwing up but was too frightened to do even that. The first splash had caught him with his mouth open and he could taste the acrid stuff on his tongue. The jet slowly subsided but he kept his eyes closed, squeezing them tightly to rid them of the filthy stuff.

"Piss on you, baby." Rod refastened his pants and smiled grimly. Tom had decided to keep his mouth shut, for as long as he could. He didn't want a repeat of that scene!

He finally opened his bright blue eyes and blinked away more of the piss. Rod was leaning over him and began to fasten a soft leather collar around his wet neck. The collar was attached to a strip of leather which was pulled down snugly across his chest and belly and left there. He raised his head timidly and looked down as he felt hands tugging at his cock and balls. They were fastening some sort of leather contraption around the base of his dick. Then a band of leather was wrapped tightly around the sack above his nuts and another strip was passed between them, making them separate and bulge almost straight up in the air. There was a metal ring attached to the one around his dick and the loose end of his throat strap was fastened to the ring. He tried to stretch and felt the warning pull on his balls and stopped immediately.

Rod reached down and pulled the longer strap that ran from his throat collar. He shortened it until Tom had to raise his hips to relieve the strain on his balls. His ass hovered about an inch off the floor. He could hear a bike coughing and sputtering down below him somewhere trying to start. Rod had left his vision for a few seconds and now returned with a black, menacing whip in his hands. It had dozens of long strips attached to a solid leather handle. The man raised it into the air and lashed it viciously down across Tom's trapped sex organs. He started to arch his back in agony but the strap pulled hard on his nuts causing him to cry out again. He moiled at the restraints around his groin but they wouldn't give an inch. The whip slashed at him again. This time across his broad chest, stinging his tits with a sharp, burning pain. He moaned hopelessly at the agonizing attack. Rod lashed and whipped him brutally again and again in various areas of his nude body, between the legs on the tender skin, then up across his belly and again in the crotch.

"Okay . . . I give up . . . please stop . . . I don't want my money any more. Please stop hurting me, Rod, please!" Tears had welled up in his eyes from the ferocious beating. He raised his head and looked down at his exposed front. Thin red lash marks covered him everywhere, criss-crossing each other in all directions. His skin burned and tingled from the leather thongs and he dropped his head back onto the floor with a thud. This is unbelievable, he thought wildly, just unbelievable.

He noticed, gratefully, that the whipping had stopped and Rod just stood there glaring down at him with wide eyes and panting heavily. Sweat had broken out on his forehead from the exertion. The motor of the motorcycle was now running in his ears and it seemed to be moving closer to him. He raised his head again and gasped as he saw the front wheel of a bike approaching his body slowly. The body builder was astride it and leering at him over the handle bars. He was completely nude now and the body bulged and glistened in the dim lights. He inched the bike up between Tom's legs and stopped just as

it touched his crotch. He revved it a few times, throwing fumes up into the air and making Tom cough.

"What the fuck are you gonna do to me now, you bastard!" Tom glared at Rod who was arranging his balls to stand straight up more firmly. He made a few adjustments and Tom could feel the hair between his wide spread legs touching the tire of the machine. He cringed at the contact.

"It's just one of our boy's hangups. He hates people with big, hanging balls." Rod reached up and patted the guy on his bare shoulder. The big muscular man smiled back at him like a child. "Ya see, he's not much in the balls department but he makes up for it in the meat department." The guy raised himself up off of the seat and stood straddled across the bike. Tom's mouth opened in disbelief as he looked at the guy's cock. It was fully hard now and stood straight up into the air. It must have been eleven or twelve inches long and thick as hell. It swayed when he moved. Tom shook his head in amazement. He had never heard of a guy with such a huge one!

The toe of Rod's heavy boot touched Tom's upturned balls and tapped them gently. "And, tough luck for you, you've got kind of an over-endowment down here and he just wants to mash them down a little smaller. It's one of his few big thrills, man. You wouldn't want to take his kicks away from him, would ya?" Rod stepped back and nodded his head. The others had gathered closer to watch the action. Some had stripped and had erections already.

The big man remained off the seat and inched the front tire of the heavy bike up a fraction at a time. It pulled against the hair of the boy's crotch and he grunted as he felt the machine easing up onto the leather strap that confined his nuts. It inched up slowly until it rested directly on top of Tom's balls, crushing them down against the leather band. The rider watched Tom with anticipation as he suddenly sat his full weight onto the bike seat. Tom's scream echoed and rebounded all through the cavernous room and he cried out in agony at the new torture. He felt as though his testicles had been crushed by a hammer. The pain was excruciating and unbearable. The guy began to bounce the bike up and down slightly with his weight and Tom screamed and pleaded even louder. Some of the other guys were licking their lips avidly and peering closely to see under the tire. The balls looked flattened by the pressure and had turned bright red.

"Okay, that's enough, babe. Don't kill him!" Rod nodded warningly at the guy on the motorcycle and a petulant look crossed the guy's boyish face. He stared at Tom's body for a few seconds and then did as he was told. But instead of rolling off backwards, he eased the wheel of the bike on up onto the boy's trapped cock, pressing it down into his belly painfully. The balls sprang back into shape as the tire inched its way agonizingly on up onto Tom's stomach and finally onto his chest. The weight was crushing and the helpless boy was unable to breathe. He tried to keep screaming in protest but he couldn't get the air. The bike stopped just below his chin and then began its retreat back down his body again, onto his balls, and then bounced onto the floor. Tom grunted with relief at the same time he was grinding his teeth and crying from the pain. Tears rolled down his face and onto the dusty floor, unnoticed. A dusty tire mark climbed his body from the crotch to the chin. He gasped for air and didn't have the strength to say anything or to yell any more. He felt hopelessly beaten.

"Now, little man, are you gonna let me have your body willingly or do I have to get a little rougher?" Rod's voice dripped with cruelty.

Tom shook his tear-strained face from side to side. "Go to hell," he mumbled weakly. His eyes were closed against his own agony.

He opened them instantly as he felt a weight across his belly. Rod had stripped his clothes off and now straddled Tom's body on his knees. He was smoking a cigarette and looking down into the boy's face threateningly. He waved the cigarette in front of the wet face and grinned. "Remember what I did to your little brother, smart ass, huh?" He held the lit end close to the bare skin on Tom's chest. It was just close enough for him to feel the heat. Tom stared down at it frantically and tried to back his chest muscle away from it. "I just touched it real light to his body. He was lucky. I could hold it against your beautiful bod until it burned all the way down. You'd never get rid of the scar, pretty boy!"

Tom shook his head quickly. "No, please don't mark me up... I can't stand any more... please!"

"Are you gonna give me a little ass, then? Are ya?" Rod was enjoying the torment of his victim immensely.

"I can't... I've never done it... I mean it's never been done to me... I'm not queer. Oh, please, Rod... I'll do anything else... please!"

"I want you to beg me to screw you up the ass, you little bastard!" Rod brought the fiery end of the cigarette down lightly onto Tom's prominent nipple and then pulled it away quickly. Tom jerked at the hot contact and groaned helplessly. Rod's cock throbbed and was beginning to ooze crystal juice from the bead head. He brought the end of the butt down and pressed it hard against the boy's tit and held it a little longer. "Come on baby. All you have to say is Please, Rod. Fuck me up the ass." He waited for a moment to give the kid a chance to reply. None came and he rammed the burning cigarette hard against Tom's other nipple and held it firmly in place, grinding it slowly out onto his skin.

The naked boy squirmed and twisted trying to escape and he yelled out in pain. "Okay... okay... go ahead... I can't stand any more pain... go ahead and do the fuckin' thing!" He broke into loud sobs that shook his whole body and he closed his eyes again.

The cigarette kept grinding into his flesh. "Go on — Beg me. Don't give me your permission. Beg me, like I told you!"

"All right... please, Rod... please... fuck... fuck me up the ass..." He panted and gasped for a r as Rod removed the torture tool from his tender nipple.

"I'd have done it anyway, baby... but I wanted to hear someone who isn't queer beg me to fuck 'em!" He laughed as he stood up and ordered Tom set free. The boy's body was bathed in perspiration and his breathing was labored.

He was dragged bodily across the floor to another motorcycle that was up on blocks being repaired. They stretched him face down the long way on top of the bike. His hands were manacled to the handle bars and his legs spread over the rear wheel and tied to the axle. His ass protruded over the end of the bike he pressed his balls rested against the rear tire and the pressure was killing him.

Rod walked over to his jeans and pulled his belt from the loops. He walked back to the front of the bike and dangled the leather strap in front of Tom's face slowly. It was very heavy leather and was covered all over with shiny metal studs imbedded in its surface. The buckle was very large and gleamed dangerously in the light.

Rod walked around and stood beside him. Tom squeezed his eyes shut so tightly that they hurt, knowing, dreading what he knew was coming next. There was a loud slap of leather against bare skin as the belt pounded the studs into the cheeks of his ass. Tom bounced on the bike from the force of the blow. It crashed across his back and again across his shoulders. His whole body shook from the terrific beating as Rod moved down to his bare legs. The vicious thing bit into the tender skin of his upper legs, each in turn, and then ended with a gigantic final smash against his buttocks.

"That was just to remind you that you asked for this, beautiful!" The tone was sarcastically cruel and Tom heard laughter from the rest of the group. He flushed with humiliation, he felt dirty and degraded.

Rod held his cupped palm in front of Tom's face. "Spit in it, kid and spit good. It's the only lube you'll have when I break your fuckin' cherry!" Tom did as he was told almost mindlessly. He watched blankly as Rod rubbed the spit over his dick and played with himself until it had dried a little. Then he walked back up behind the boy's spread ass and mounted him roughly. He pulled the firm, round cheeks further apart with his big hands and held his cock up against the hot hole... Tom shuddered at the contact but kept his mouth shut. He groaned at first as Rod introduced the thick prick slowly and painfully into the virgin opening. His eyes were bright with desire as he watched the boy squirm beneath him hopelessly. He pushed it halfway up inside the tender, young ass and held it there. He hesitated for a moment and then, with a yell of victory, he rammed the rod in to the very base in one tremendous shove. Tom twisted in agony and screamed at the top of his lungs.

to be continued...

A cartoon illustration of a very muscular man, possibly a bodybuilder or a superhero, with a large head and broad shoulders. He is looking towards the left. A speech bubble coming from his mouth contains the text "FUCKIN' HOT!". The drawing is in a simple, bold line-art style.

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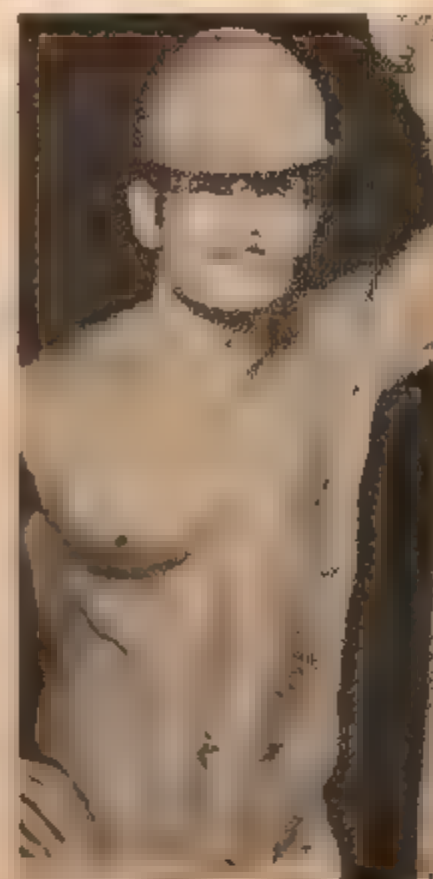
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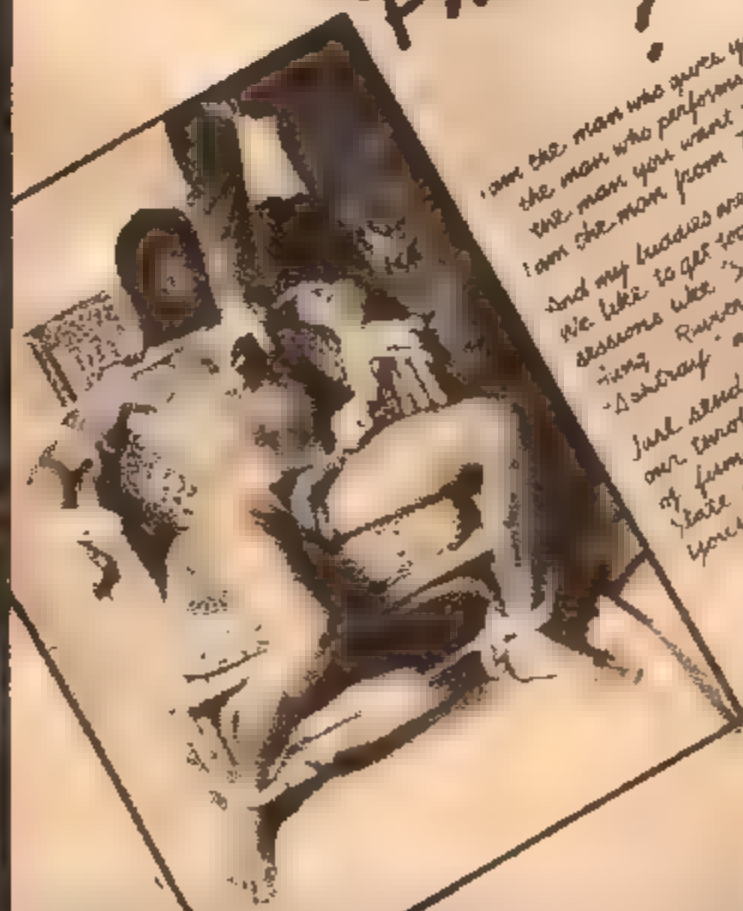
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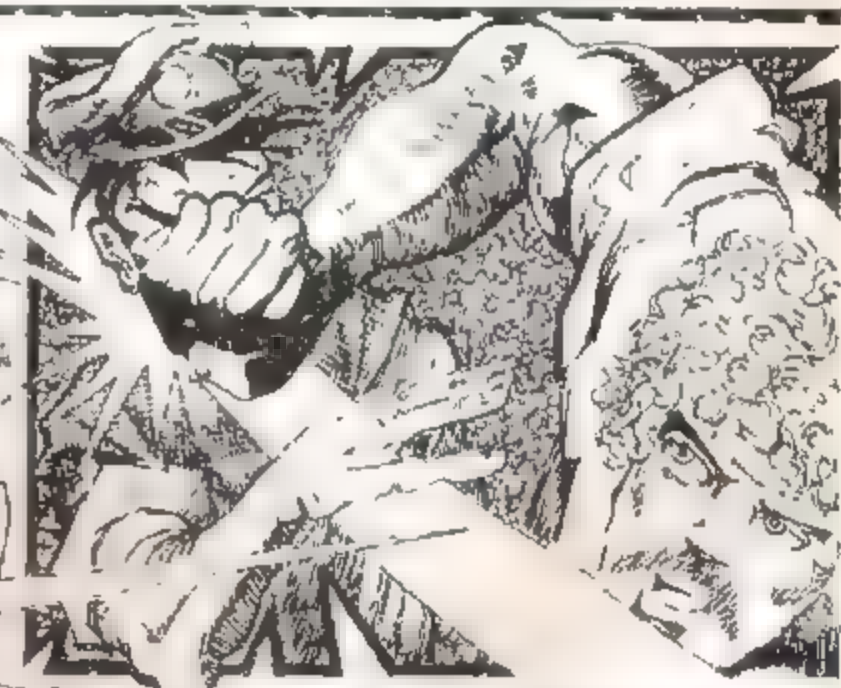
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ONE!



TE HIM UP... LOCK HIM AWAY... WHERE THE OTHER THUGS MAY NOT FIND HIM... THEN GO AFTER NUMBER TWO...

RIGHT. THAT'S BAT PUT AWAY.

I HOPE THE
OTHER TWO
HAVEN'T
TEAMED UP!



NOW
LET'S SEE
WHO MEETS
WHO FIRST...

IS THAT
YOU, BAT?



NO, IT'S
ME!

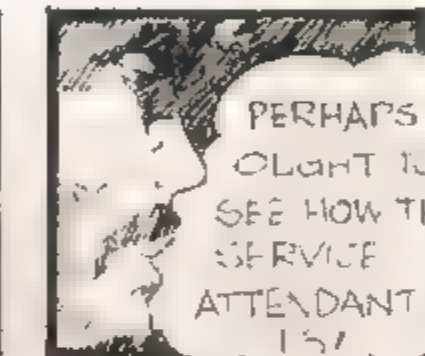
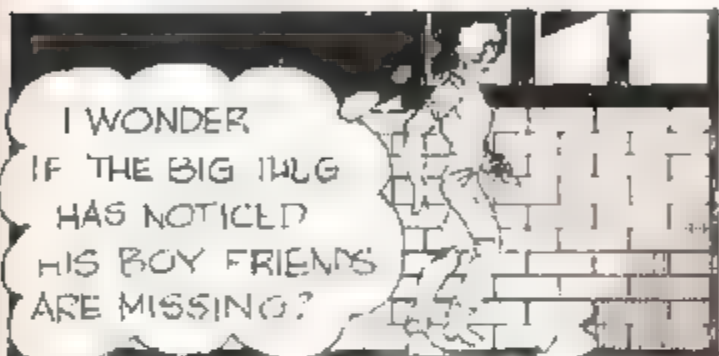


CASS?



HE'S
FOUND
HIM!

AAAAARCH



TO BE CONTINUED...



One On One

That mother, the pendulum of public taste, is swinging back to the right again, fellas. Best we retreat to the playroom and wait it out, making certain first to kiss our good ol' era of permissiveness right smack down there where the sun never shines. It may be awhile before we take to the barricades again.

Excuse my nihilistic philosophizings, but constant exposure to Hollywood's output — ever a barometer of where the great American head is at — has convinced me that our straight countrymen are in a panicky retreat to the "old values" of "rugged individualism" and "morality." For, following hard upon the unexpected success of "Rocky" the boxer comes *One on One*, a Warner Brothers production about "Henry," the basketballer.

At least the heroes are getting younger. "Henry" is played by 20-year-old Bobby Benson (ne Segal), most recently seen on the big screen as the quasi-queer "Billy Joe," and on your smaller one in *Death Be Not Proud*, *The Death of Richie*, and *Our Town* (reprehensively miscast, given his "look," as a New England gentile). For him, *One on One* is fantasy-time, as he claims to have had a childhood ambition of becoming the basketball star his eventual height (5'9") denied him.

In this film, he plays a dedicated high school basketball star from a small town in Colorado. He unwittingly accepts a four-year athletic scholarship and a bright new sports car from "Western University," where he soon finds himself bewildered by the lifestyle imposed on jocks. The alumni are overly generous, the sorority girls aggressive, and he is assigned a meaningless "job" turning football field sprinklers on and off.

Never having been much of a student, Henry is assigned a tutor, Janet (Annette O'Toole, not uninteresting), whose disdain for "dumb jocks" sits uneasily on the thin-skinned freshman. Even his beloved basketball proves a frustration: he is dwarfed by his team-mates and his obvious skill and hustle are wasted. "Kindly" Coach Smith (G.D. Spradlin) harasses him mentally and physically. But Henry hangs in, and Janet's sarcasm turns to love when she sees what he is made of.

Naturally, in the second half of the "big game" (shades of *Best Foot Forward*), the nasty coach is forced to use Henry, who responds with a dazzling, ball-hawking performance. Western wins and Henry is hoisted aloft by the crazed fans. The denouement is equally predictable, as our hero quits the team and goes off with Janet into the fun-set.

Benson, if you can stand his foggy vocal quality for any length of time, is

generally acceptable in a role he wrote (with an able assist from old pro Jerry Segal, who just happens to be his father) for himself. Everyone involved should thank his lucky stars for the yoomanly contribution of Lamont Johnson, a director with an equal flair for the tense and the tender.

March Or Die

The plot has all the originality of a tuna casserole, and the characters are as familiar as old lovers, but an obsession with minute detail sets Dick Richards' *March or Die* a good notch or two above your average French Foreign epic. Set in Morocco in 1918, this Columbia Pictures release from ITC Entertainment features a cast of which the five major roles are played by actors from five different countries: America (Gene Hackman), Italy (Terence Hill, ne Mario Girotti), Sweden (Max Von Sydow), France (Catherine Deneuve), and England (Ian Holm).

Hackman is the sadistic Major Foster, an embittered man who was forced to resign from West Point; Hill is Marco, an arrogant gypsy cat burglar on the lam; Von Sydow a French archeologist, Marneau; Deneuve a somewhat refractory widow, Simone Picard, searching for her father; and Holm, of all things, a powerful Arab chieftan, El Krlm. Put them all together, mix in some minor stereotypes (don't forget the "Mean Corporal"), and presto! a crowd-pleasing potboiler.

Put simply, the Legionnaires are ordered to protect an archeological expedition for a priceless tomb in the Sarah Desert, an excavation which unites religiously fanatic Arab tribes against them. In the predictable course of events, a Hackman-Deneuve-Hill triangle develops, Hackman is killed, Deneuve returns to Paris, and Hill opts to remain in Morocco, all at once overcome with the same fervor that had possessed the Major.

In his second American-made film, Hill manages to erase memories of the embarrassing *Mr. Billion*, and he registers very strongly. Thirty-one, an athlete and gymnast who has won awards for swimming and rowing, the handsome German-Italian star subtly shades his characterization with an attitude of slyly self-mocking humor that is pleasantly reminiscent of the early Errol Flynn. He also suffers beautifully, as in the scene where he is bound, hands in crotch, with head lashed back to a crossbar so that it is angled toward the merciless desert sun — a punishment for insubordination.

The martinet officer of Hackman is a two-dimensional non-creation, complete with high black boots, riding crop, and snarl. Deneuve, authentically attired by Italian designer Gitt Magrini, has, as they say, never looked lovelier — and that's one sizable lump of loveliness! Rather at

sea in the general proceedings, Von Sydow neither adds to nor subtracts from his icy image, and Ian Holm's El Krim is just a shade short of camp. As the "Mean Corporal," Vernon Dobischeff viciously enacts one of those nasty roles Hume Cronyn always used to play with such relish.

Cinematographer John Alcott (Oscarred for *Barry Lyndon*) has done a workmanly job, but it is a "Dick Richards Film" all the way through: the redoubtable Richards directed, co-produced (with Jerry Bruckheimer), and co-authored the story (with screenwriter David Zelag Goodman). His creative attitude is perhaps best summed up by his assertion that "Filmmakers as a rule consider the script the Bible. I don't. It's a working outline. It can be changed any time..."

The film takes its title, incidentally, from the French saying "Marche on Creve," which Legionnaires, we are told, often had tattooed on their feet.

Ed Franklin

The Island of Dr. Moreau

Rising handsomely above the material provided, Michael York gives further evidence (as if such were needed) in American International Pictures' adaptation of H.G. Wells' *The Island of Dr. Moreau* that he is as reliable an actor as we have around these days. Even when partially transformed by the evil doctor (Burt Lancaster) into a Humanimal (TM), York contrives to look almost as good as he acts — his valiant efforts to retain a basic humanity almost singlehandedly (if briefly) raise the artistic level of this entire enterprise.

You all know the story. York is a sailor shipwrecked on a lonely island in the Pacific where he is rescued from an attack by some weird-looking creatures (thank you, John Chambers and Dan Striepeke, for remembrances of *Apes* past) and taken to a Hilton Far West compound hidden in the depths of the jungle. There he meets Moreau and, *de rigueur*, an extremely decorative (and little else) young lady of the opposite sex (Barbara Carrera, about as opposite as a sex can get).

Moreau, it should come as no surprise, is involved with experiments attempting to isolate the chromosomes in every living thing which determines its shape, using various animal species as subjects. The over-curious York soon happens upon a cave peopled with the hideous results of these experiments: creatures somewhere in limbo between "animal" and "human," led by Richard Basehart (how the mighty are fallen!) as the "Sayer of the Law."

Naturally, our hero becomes the next victim, and strapped bare-chested to an operating table, is subjected to the doctor's evil wiles. No need to report here what happens next, as the "natives" become restless, except to note that some splendid opportunities to comment on

the nature of God, man, and beast are blithely ignored. Only the indeterminate ending comes as a mild surprise.

The Island of Dr. Moreau was filmed entirely on St. Croix in the U.S. Virgin Islands by director Don Taylor from a screenplay by John Herman Shaner and Al Bamrus. John Temple-Smith and Skip Steloff co-produced, while Samuel Z. Arkoff and Sandy Howard served as executive producers. Talk about too many cooks!

Still, there is the curiously androgynous Michael York to gaze at and meditate upon, and, although the film itself does not acknowledge some of the more cosmic issues implied, you may care to Might just make some interesting morning-after breakfast-table conversation — for those who feel like talking.

Ed Franklin



DRUMMER'S DO-IT-YOURSELF DEPARTMENT

FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO ARE INTO GETTING INTO YOUR REALLY VERY OWN HARNESS I



For those people, who have heard the different sound of the S/M Drummer and have chosen to live by its beat, sooner or later start collecting their own toys and many go on to build their own playrooms.

It is the aim of this column to show you the basic points in making your own toys and playrooms. With these, you should be able to incorporate your own ideas. Let us know what items you would like to see covered and every effort will be made to cover them in future columns.

For this issue, the Body Harness has been chosen.

While there are many styles of body harnesses on the market, all of them are either for "SHOW" or "SUSPENSION." Please note that while many Suspension harnesses are designed also for Show, few if any show harnesses are designed to handle suspension safely.

STEP 1 - DESIGNING THE HARNESS YOU WANT.

Look through your nude art collection and find shots that show full views of the front and back. You should take this to a copy center and have a number of copies run off, so that you can use it over and over.

STEP 2 - Draw in just how you would like the harness to look.

STEP 3 - Label each part, A, B, C, or 1-2-3-, then make up a list of the parts.

STEP 4 - With the aid of a friend or slave as the case may be, use a garment tape measure and measure the area that is to be covered by each part. NOTE: Allow 1 1/4" for under fold for each end that is to be connected to a ring or buckle.

STEP 5 - Add on to the list all other materials and tools needed to complete the project. By now your list should look something like the following:

LEATHER STRAPS - 1 1/4 inch wide...

A. 20 in.	F. 13 in.
B. 20 in.	G. 28 in.
C. 29 in.	H. 11 in.
D. 11 in.	I. 15 in.
E. 13 in.	J. 14 in.

NOTE: Leather belt strips are commonly sold in 44 in. or 50 in. lengths. Add your parts together so that they will fit one of these sizes, then you will know how many strips to buy.

NICKLE PLATED RINGS.

2 rings - 3 inch diameter

3 rings - 1 3/4 inch diameter

ALSO

1 pack black "Belt Snaps"

1 5 oz. bottle black leather dye.

(NOTE: Do not use dyes sold for shoes for this type tends to always be rubbing off)

1 - 5 oz. bottle leather finisher.

TOOLS NEEDED:

1 Rawhide mallet. NEVER USE STANDARD HAMMER ON YOUR LEATHER PUNCHES AS IT WILL RUIN THE PUNCH.

1 round drive punch size 9/64

1 round drive punch size 7/32

1 snap set tool

1 Garment tape measure

1 X-Acto knife or razor knife

1 Edge Slicker

1 pair rubber gloves (To be worn during dye work)

With the possible exception of the rings, all the other items should be in stock in most Leather Handy Craft shops. Look in your phone book under Leather. As for the rings, the first place to look is in the phone book under Leather Finding, next large hardware stores, boat supply shops or Western riding apparel and equipment shops, also your favorite Leather toy shop.

The cost of the harness shown here is \$12.89. This figure is arrived at by only counting the material that is used in it, not the tools. Since the tools will be used many times, their cost should not be tied to just this project.

STEP 6 - Once you have all the parts and tools together, set them aside and make the full harness using the rings and any heavy paper you can find. One place for such paper is the wrapping paper used in your local meat market. Take the paper and cut it into 1 1/4" strips with the lengths being the same as in the list you made up. The main reasons for doing this, is to be able to see how it is going to look on the body, check the fit and be able to make any changes you think are needed. This step cuts down on your leather spoilage.

STEP 7 - Take a few minutes and a bit of scrap leather and get the feel of punching holes and setting snaps. Most leather craft stores have free booklets, showing various tools and their proper use.

STEP 8 - Measure out the leather to be cut, remember to allow 1 inch fold under on each end of the strap. Before making the cuts, draw a mark at the ends. One easy way to do this, is to set a small round water glass at the line and draw around it. Now mark the spots where the snaps will go. There are 3 snaps per end. Now cut out all the parts and punch out the holes.

STEP 9 - Take a wet sponge and dampen the edges and use the "Edge Slicker" to rub down the edges until they are nice and smooth, if this is not done later on the harness will start to fray at the edges.

STEP 10 - Set the snaps in place.

STEP 11 - After laying down newspapers in case of accident, dye all parts. On this it is preferred to apply several light coats of dye instead of one heavy one. Be sure to dye the back and sides too. By the time you finish putting one coat on all the parts, you should be able to go back and put the next coat on. After the 3rd coat, let the parts set for at least 30 minutes, then take a soft lint free rag (like an old T-shirt) and rub off as much

MALECALL

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE GAY COMMUNITY FROM THE GAY GUERRILLAS.

Tropicana Orange Juice is one of the largest contributors (\$75,000) to Bryant's campaign to deny us human rights. The American people should not be forced to support a campaign against human rights.

What can we do about it? . . . WE MUST AND CAN PUT TROPICANA OUT OF BUSINESS

We are asking all people of good conscience, to boycott and/or organize boycotts of Tropicana and stores that sell it. This boycott to continue until every American gay person has been guaranteed the right to work, the right to custody of their children and the right to housing of their choice.

We ask all those with even greater courage and commitment to join an action that has already begun in New York City and across the country. This action we call The Tropicana Relay.

Take one sharp instrument into a super market. (We use a three-inch nail.) As you browse, or shop, find the Tropicana section (quarts and half-gallon waxed containers). Puncture as many as you can. We suggest five to ten. (We recommend puncturing on the side or back toward the bottom since immediate visibility is reduced. On our first trip we punctured about five in six seconds.)

Repeat this action at five to ten super markets in one day.

Finally, recruit two people to continue the relay. This recruiting action we call TAPPING, as it is done in honorary sororities. **CONSIDER YOURSELF TAPPED**

(If you wish to expand the operation, use your own imagination. Removing plastic lids from frozen juice is frequently done.)

How many times is a super market going to sustain the losses and messes that we create? They will sacrifice Tropicana and carry another brand. This will result in loss of sales for Tropicana. When TROPICANA RELAY hits nationwide we can literally put Tropicana out of business. It's in our hands.

Now is the time to ACT. If you care about our human rights, if you are angry, **FIGHT BACK.**

THE GAY GUERRILLAS

Editor: No comment

I have just seen my first issue of your publication No. 16, and am greatly interested in its contents and appreciative of the fine drawing by Zach on page 29 which is more erotic than actual photographs and a great deal better than your spread of drawings by Thomas Hinde.

And I was glad to see the work of both Harry Chess and the cartoonist Shawn whose better cartoons I used to save from the Advocate but which I haven't seen in it for some time.

It would be very expensive to get your back issues and I could not be selective as I have no idea what they contained but

I am enclosing my check for \$6.00 for your reprinting some of the back material in your "The Best & the Worst of Drummer." I am sure I will not be disappointed.

L G M
Warren, MN

Please find money order enclosed to ensure your GREAT mag. gets to me. (I hope the Can. Customs boys are rolling it up and shoving it all the way in.) Your last issue No. 16 came to me opened and No. 17 has just arrived same condition. Loved the letter on bare feet, got off on just that. Any way to unstick the pages? Also would like to see some more W/S, maybe with bare feet?

So from now on first class all the way. How you going to deliver it if Canadian Post goes on strike again? Slave Train?

S.M.
Hamilton, Canada

I have read your mag. from the time it was born, and I still like it very, very much. That - about Stretch Armstrong, was truly inspired! I hope you do more stuff with him, and maybe this time Ken, G.I. Joe, and that other friend of Ken's. I hope you also show some pics of slaves getting paddled, switched and whipped by their Masters. On, of course, their smooth, slender, bare butts (also, not actors, but real Masters and Slaves). My Brother, My Slave is very unusual, and good to read. Harry Chess is very funny. So is Dram Sexy. Rancid couldn't be Spero's illegit kid, could he? Plus I really dig Drum beats by Shawn, and bad. Also, your approach to Astrology is quite unusual too!

On Sept. 12th at 7 PM, C.S.T. on C.B.S.-T.V. A show came on called "Young Dan'l Boone" starring (Nordic god) Rick Moses with his sidekick-kid Peter (John) Joseph Thomas, age (12-14). Why I am writing you this, is because in the premiere program, Dan'l (Rick) is off discovering old Ken-tuck, and tells Peter (John) - who is by the way an indentured servant, almost like a slave for white people - not to come with him. But the little bastard does anyway by sneaking away. When he catches up to Dan'l - Dan'l says (here I quote) "You need a good tanning for this." That is my type of TV hero! But oh shit they don't show his bare, white, smooth, young butt being tanned by "our Dan'l." But, the next day an Englishman riding with them says, "still can't sit your horse, eh?" and Peter says, "No. Dan'l gave me a good tanning last night!"

Plus that, in the next program Dan'l is tied to a tree and is kicked right in his slender, leather covered butt by Peter to get even with him for whacking the daylights out of him back at the camp. But when Dan'l gets free he kicks the little wise ass bastard down in the river, the toe of his boot just fitting his "little butt."

This is my kind of show. I hope they continue along these lines. I also hope you get to see some of these shows too.

Sincerely
G.A.

DRUMMER 65

Photos by Gene Weber

of the excess dye as possible. (This part is very important, for if it isn't done right everytime you wear it the black will rub off on you).

STEP 12 - Rub on the leather finish.

Let it dry, then using a soft, lint-free material, buff the straps until they shine. If the gloss is not as deep as you want it, then repeat the process. Putting the finish on protects the leather from dirt, water and would you believe, Crisco.

STEP 13 - Now assemble the unit. You now have a show harness, which is really four harnesses in one as the photos will show you.

OK, you now have a harness made by you, so why not go one step further and design and place on it your mark or crest. With nuckle spot studs available, this is very simple to do. If you will look at the front center belt on this harness, you will see this young man's sign. Its meaning only he knows, but everyone that knows him, knows it is on almost every item of leather he has. If nothing else, it helps stop your favorite items from walking off.

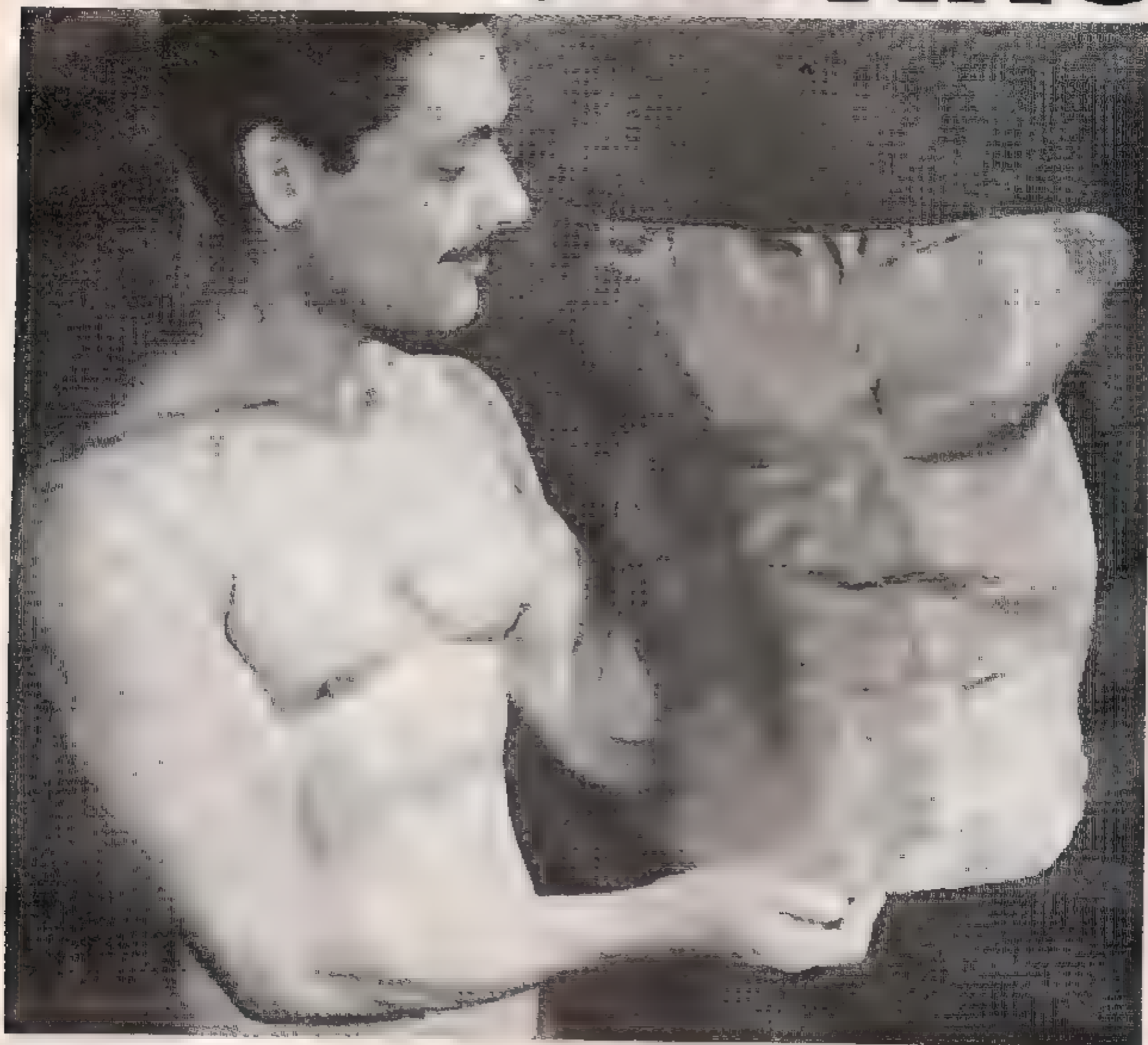
As time goes on you will find your own short cuts to many of the steps given in this column and more and more you will be trying out your own ideas. Go at it man, any time you can't find just what you want then sit down and make it yourself. You'll find that it's a turn on in itself.

Until next month, enjoy and play safe.

Taylor of San Francisco



BODY CASTING



BY TAYLOR OF SAN FRANCISCO
PHOTOS BY GENE WEBER

Since recorded time began, it has always been noted that man has looked upon himself as the most beautiful creature on earth. Those with talent have used every means possible to preserve for later generations, their view as to just what the perfect body looks like. The art form that we will look into now was first used by the Egyptians to preserve their Pharaohs for the long trip into the after life.

In the 3,000 years since, many improvements to the art have been made. The main one being that now the subject can still be alive, with some of the others being the wide range of materials now available to use as the casting agent. Newspaper strips and flour paste, candle wax, clay, plaster of Paris and plaster strips are the agents most commonly used now. For this project plaster strips have been chosen.

Plaster Strips are sold in various sizes under the trade name of Pariscraft Art Material. It can be found in most hobby shops and art supply stores and the cost is very low. The other items needed for this project are a large pan, pair of sharp scissors, a couple of sheets of medium sandpaper and, oh yes, that can of Crisco in the playroom or the kitchen or wherever you left it last.

While Plaster Strips have been used to make complete body casts, for this column I have chosen just to do a cast of the chest of a young man.

It is strongly suggested that while everything is being set up, that the subject just relax, or more important take care of any calls that nature may be putting in. For once the first strip is layed on, the subject must not move till the cast is taken off, for if he moves it would crack the cast.

First thing you should do is find a spot that is draft free where the subject can lay down. Now cover the area with newspaper and/or a plastic sheet. The reason for this is that the plaster will stick to whatever it touches, and is all but impossible to get off any cloth such as sheets or carpets.

Next thing to do is to measure the subject at his shoulders, since this is the widest part of his body to be covered. Cut the plaster strips into 20 pieces at this length. This will afford you two layers, thus adding to the overall firmness of the cast.

You will note that the edges of the strip has been cut with Pinking sheers. Trim one side off. By doing this, the cast will come out looking smoother. Now you are ready to start.

I would suggest that at this point you both take a short break, for as I stated before, once the casting is started you must go on until it is done. As for myself, I find that this is a good time for a little ass play. Not too much, just enough to let the subject know what is coming after the cast is done.

Next fill the pan with very warm water.

At this point cover all parts of the subject's chest, arms and neck or wherever the plaster strips may touch, with Crisco. On bodies that are hairless you need only to put on a light coat, but where there are any body hairs either shave it off or put on a very heavy coat of Crisco. If you don't do this, then you had best have a very heavy "M" as your subject. For the plaster will form around each hair and as you try to remove the cast, you will pull the hairs out. This is great for a good S/M trip but don't do it expecting to get a good cast too, it will not happen.

Take the first strip and dip it into the water, just enough to get it wet though for if you let it stay in the water too long the plaster will wash out of the material. Before putting it on the subject, hold the strip over the pan and let the excess water run off, this will shorten the drying time.

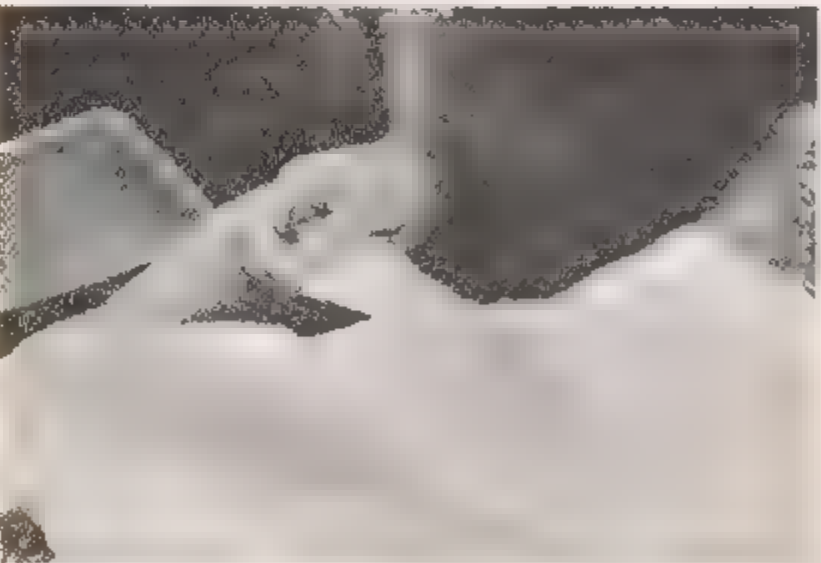
Now holding the strip by the ends, with the smooth side up make the first contact in the center of the chest at the neck. Now work out to the ends smoothing out all defects. Always work from the center going out. As you are working the material you will see what looks like pin holes. The way to cover them is to wet your hands, then rub back and forth till they are gone.

Continue this process with each strip allowing a 1/4 inch overlap, always with the smooth side up till you complete the first layer. As soon as you complete the first layer, then start over on the second layer as you did with the first. You will find that you will have some excess material at the sides, lay this out flat away from the body. After the cast is hardened a bit and has been removed from the subject, the entire cast can be trimmed with your scissors



Photos by Gene Weber





You may find the subject getting tired and wanting to move. Remind him that he must stay still, talk to him, let him suck your cock, eat your ass, anything but move.

After you lay the last strip on, start timing the drying period. I have found 30 minutes is best.

As the cast dries the subject will have the feeling as if the cast were pulling away from him. This is normal. At the end of the 30 minutes take your fingers and ease them under the edge of the cast. Go all the way around the cast in this manner. Once this is done, have the subject flex his chest very slowly. As he feels the cast coming loose, take hold of it at the bottom and slowly raise it until you can get your hand under it. If you note any spots that are sticking, then, while holding the cast firm, press down on the skin and they will come apart.

Once you have the cast off, send the subject off to the shower while you find a place to set the cast down. It should be allowed to set for at least 24 hours so that it will cure.

BODY CASTING

Once the subject has cleaned up, get some baby oil or good grade of hand cream and rub this on his body where the cast was. The reason for this is that the plaster pulled the natural body oils out of the skin and needs to be replaced. Also, this is a good way to get back into some more of that ass play I spoke of before.

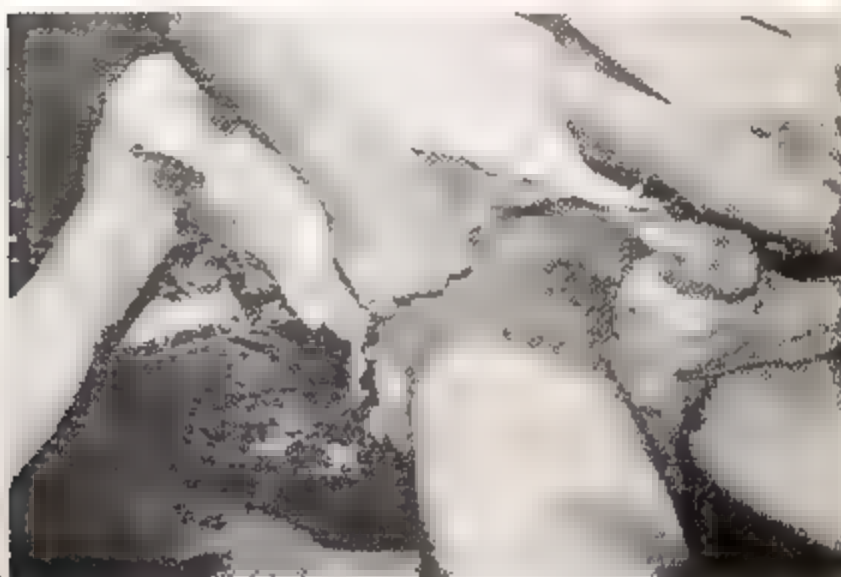
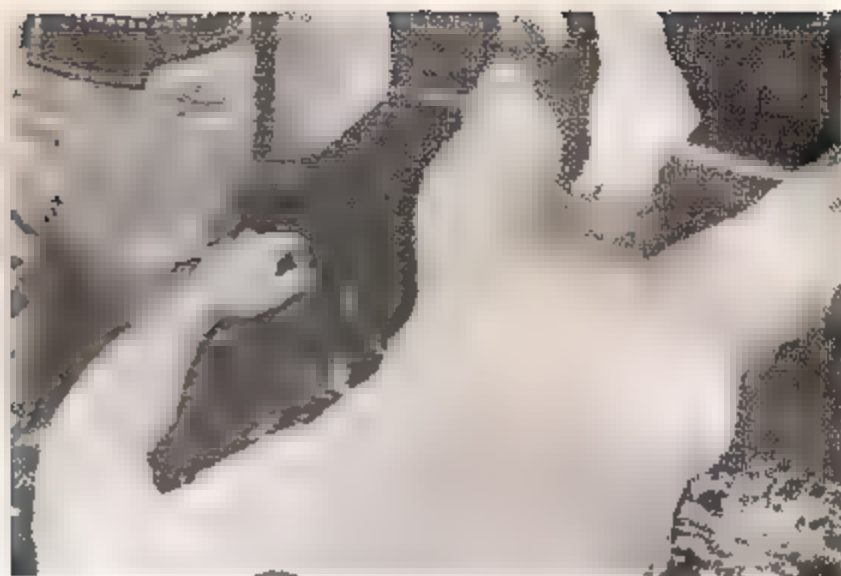
After the curing time is passed, trim the edges and sand off the rough spots, being careful not to sand too deep. In my desire to want the cast to look as real as possible, I also spray paint it before hanging it with all the other casts I have. Then I go out looking for the next great body.

One of my goals in life is to find a great looking ass that is into fists — then find as great an arm and cast them locked together.

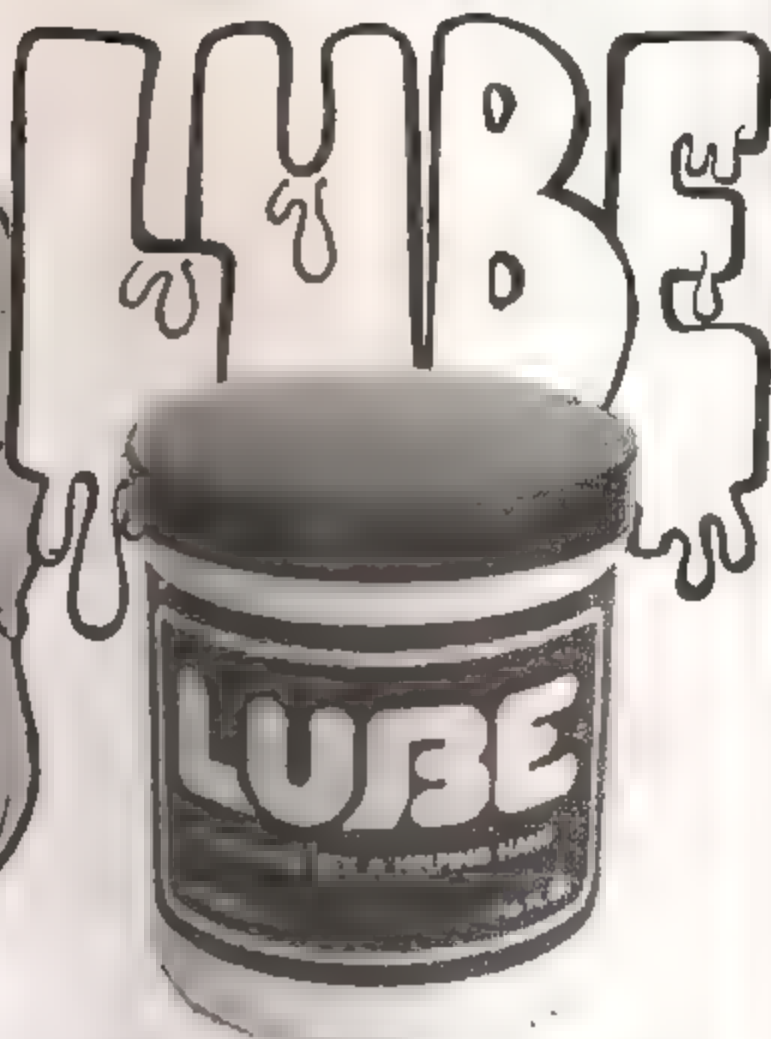
OK, some words of warning. If you choose to do a face mask, take into account the following. (1) DO NOT COVER THE END OF THE NOSE, LEAVE AIR PASSAGES. (2) PLACE SMALL COTTON BALLS ON THE EYES AND IF SOME PLASTER GETS INTO THE EYES STOP EVERYTHING AND WASH THE EYES OUT WITH RUNNING WATER.

One other thing, do not wash out the pan in your sink for the plaster may settle in one of the pipes and harden and stop up the pipes.

Well, now you know how it's done, so good hunting and have fun doing your bit for art.



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MENSUR

Lambert Wilhelm

Night. Whispers. A prevailing aura of secrecy. The *Verbindungen*. The *Mensur*. The *Schlegel*. Peter and I stand face to face, swaddled in padded material like two exotic insects in their chrysalis stages. Eyes protected by steel glasses.

De ja vu: the feeling in my guts! There's actually a psychosomatic paining along my left eyebrow, but, no blood. The blood, the river of red that made the world seem more than rose-tinted as it washed my left eye: that blood has long since dried and been washed away. The cut made and stitched is now healed, almost lost except to those who were there. Some of the uninitiated do still notice and ask the cause. I lie, telling them I fell from a chair.

That first night of the ritual and my blood had been in 1969. It had been at a large university in Germany. This *Verbindungen* is now 1977. It is in the United States.

Still, my sense of excitement hasn't paled. I sense excitement, too, in those around me: these handsome young men with their serious faces. And, they have every right to take this club ritual seriously. There's a heritage to uphold here: a long line of tradition to be followed; and, the American *Verbindungen* societies are the bastard children. They've arrived on these foreign shores quite without the official sanction of those spawning organizations that exist thousands of miles away. These American colonizers have come like Prometheus in defiance. For there are, after all, those who would prefer keeping such German things as the *Verbindungen* strictly in Germany. And, there's certainly no denying the *Verbindungen*, the *Mensur*, and the *Schlegel* are German. I've run across their likes nowhere else before — until now.

And, just how many American "fighting corps" exist is hard even for me to say. They are as secret here as they are in Germany. But, I know of three whose ranks grow larger yearly. Break offs from these will likely occur as times progress. As in Germany, the American *Verbindungen* seem to be centered in and around university campuses and, thus gain new members with each school year.

The *Verbindungen* is not for everyone. Its exclusiveness can be accounted for in a large part by the prerequisite for entrance. Fencing with saber isn't your average American skill. And, even if you're willing to put in the time and the

money necessary to acquire the training, not every city has its master or the facilities.

Then, of course, even if the skill is achieved, there's no guarantees you'll even be approached for membership: not because you're not good potential but because you're simply in the wrong place at the wrong time. With American *Verbindungen* few and far between, it's sad but true that potential candidates and club recruiters often never meet.

And, then, of course, the *Mensur* ritual does require a person to endure a degree of genuine physical pain. There is a genuine letting of blood. There is the resulting scar.

While the *Mensur* uniform has evolved over the years into padded encasements that protect except for cuts to the head (the eyes are covered by special glasses), a dual continues, once begun, until blood is drawn.

I began fencing in college. It's been my experience that's where most Americans do begin. In Europe, the sport is more popular, and there's a gamut of clubs available for such training. But in the U.S., the better masters are usually found at the universities or in the surrounding environs.

My fencing master was a member of the German Olympic team. He was studying two years in the United States on a scholarship.

At my first meeting with Deitmar, I knew nothing of the *Verbindungen*, the *Mensur*, or the *Schlegel*. While fencing had a certain esoteric quality that I found appealing, I'd really received instructions from my family to look Deitmar up at the university. His grandfather and mine had apparently been officers together in the Prussian army in the days of Frederick William I.

Deitmar was blond. Blue-eyed. Five-foot-eleven. Tanned. Muscled. Completely hairless except for the silky strands on his head, the surrounding halo at each nipple, the line up the crease of his ass, and the fuller veed bush at his crotch. He had sensuously full lips. Square jaw. Cleft chin. Ten-inch, uncut, cock.

He had a scar that was an inch of slight discoloration on his right cheek.

We became lovers. He taught me foil and saber fencing. He, also, taught me a hell of a lot more. His term of schooling ended, and he asked me to spend some time with him in Germany. I did.

And, in 1969, I found myself bound up in my protective cocoon: neck guarded, forearm padded, eyes concealed behind steel glasses. This was *Verbindungen*. This was *Mensur*. I stood facing Deitmar, quite close to him, my *Schlager* (a heavy basket-hilted saber) held above my head with my forearm in front of my face. I had a hard-on.

I came away with a cut above my left brow. It bled a good deal. I remember the sting of the salty fluid washing my eye. It took twelve stitches to suture the wound. My sex with Deitmar shortly thereafter was the best sex I'd ever had.

Deitmar wrote me last year, mentioning a rumored *Verbindungen* at a particular American university.

I contacted Rolph Gensen, that university's fencing master. He asked me by to watch an advanced class in saber dueling.

Regular saber fencing differs from the type of dueling in the *Mensur*. Normal saber fencing gives a target area which includes the opponent's body from the waist up, his arms, as well as his head. In the *Mensur* ritual, the target area is exclusively the head. Normal saber fencing gives more leeway in movement in that *Mensur* duels require a combatant to remain immobile from the top of his head to his rear foot. As so, defensive moves in the *Mensur* are restricted merely to blocking an opponent's strokes with forearm and/or the saber hilt.

Rolph asked me about my scar. I told him I got it falling off a chair. I asked him about his scar. He had one along his right jaw line. He said he got it in a car accident.

He loaned me a fencing jacket, gloves, and a hard leather elbow guard. By the time I was in uniform, the room had emptied except for Rolph and one young man.

"I've asked Peter to stay, if that's all right with you," Rolph said. "I'd like him to witness your technique."

Later, as we showered, I couldn't help but notice Rolph and Peter's excellent physiques. Fencing, by itself, isn't going to turn anyone into a Charles Atlas overnight, but it has a nice way of firming the body contours. It's particularly good for the abdominals; and, both Rolph and Peter had hard and scalloped bellies to prove it.

While in the process of dressing, I realized Rolph was watching me closely. I looked up to see him smile. He ran the tip of his left forefinger back and forth through his left eyebrow, leaving no doubt that he was again going to question me about my scar.

"*Mensur*," he said. It wasn't a question. And, this time I didn't deny it. Hadn't I come all of this way in the hopes of discussing the *Mensur* — the American *Mensur*?

Rolph had been a member of a military fencing club when he'd been stationed with the U.S. forces in Germany. He'd asked for his discharge overseas and had gotten it. He'd enrolled in one of the German universities, and he'd eventually gained entrance to that university's fighting corps; thus, his scar.

When he returned to the States, Rolph discovered he missed the camaraderie of the *Verbindungen*. He'd found teaching fencing at this university an excellent opportunity to begin a bit of his own selective recruitment for an American *Verbindungen*.

I went to the club meetings. I fenced with the members. There were seven in all. Peter, who was up for initiation, would eventually make it eight.

I liked Peter from the beginning. Although, I was always a bit unsure of his gayness. He seemed friendly but evasive. I was, therefore, pleasantly surprised when Rolph told me that Peter had asked for me to play master at his initiation *Mensur*. I was even more surprised when Rolph followed that up by asking me if I was completely straight or could swing both ways. While I'd never come right out and announced my sexual preference, I'd certainly made no big secret about it either.

"That makes a difference?" I asked evasively. I'd long since suspected that Rolph, while possibly not adverse to a guy fucking ass, preferred cunt for his own large penis.

"Well, Peter's gay, you know?" Rolph said. "And, while I don't know how you were after your first *Mensur*, I needed sex. I think Peter kind of has that in mind, too. Not that I can blame him. How many initiates get marked by a master and then fucked by the same master afterwards? Huh? But if that's not your scene, we'd best get everything out in the open here and now. It'll save bad feelings and misunderstandings later."

I cut Peter above his right eye. If it had been a little lower it would have made the mirror-image to my own scar.

The cut bled a lot. So had mine. It took ten stitches.

I went with Peter into the back room. Everyone left us alone.

His cock was hard beneath his fencing breeches. His flesh was covered with a thin glossing of perspiration when his clothes came off.

His lips were salty with sweat and blood. He groaned softly into my mouth as I kissed him. His hands wrapped my body, held tightly, squeezed so hard it actually took my breath away. Between our muscled bellies, our cocks mated, slid one against the other, became wedged between our rippled abdominals.

I told him to lie down on a bench. He did so. I raised his legs to rest one of his calves on each of my shoulders. I straddled the bench behind his ass. My cock was so stiff I was going to have trouble prying it down to the luscious target offered by his ass hole.

I ran the flat of my right hand along the ridges of my stomach, gathering up sweat with my fingers. I wrapped my hard cock, smearing it with my perspiration. I milked the neck of my cock, coaxing out pre-cum juices that drooled free of my deep meatus like liquid frosting on a phallic cake. I added these oozings to the veneering already slicking my stiff meat.

I pushed the large knob of my cock head into the tight little pucker centering the crack between Peter's buns. When my cock was being held in place by the tightness of Peter's sphincter ring, I cup-

ped one of my hands around each of Peter's thighs. I then simultaneously scooted forward (my drooped balls sliding along the top of the bench), and I pulled back on Peter's lower body to slip his butt down deep over my cock.

"Jesus, fuck!" Peter grunted. I'd stabbed him almost as far as I could. My cock had rammed into his guts so that his butt mouth was like a rubber band around my cock roots. The whole length of his bowel vibrated along my meat, spasming as his anal muscle and tissue sought desperately to adjust to my sticking.

My cock up to its balls in Peter's butt, I moved Peter's legs down around my waist. He automatically locked his ankles behind my back.

In our present positioning, he was supine on the bench. His arms were down along his sides, his hands gripping my thighs. I was sitting, my cock up his ass, my hands taking hold of his hip bones. My fingers glided down along the curves of his buttocks, anchoring in the firm, sweaty warmth of his ass cheeks.

"Oh, fuck, screw me!" Peter said.

My gaze ran up his body. His cock was a monster laid out on his belly: its roots anchored in a bush of strikingly blond pubic hair; its head leaking a mess of translucent juices that had already pooled to overflowing within his indented navel. His blond balls flowed down over his ass crack, actually touching my plugging cock.

There was a definite line of sweat that ran upward, halving his torso along his deeply delineated pectoral cleavage. His jugular notch was pooled with more sweat. His nipples were hard. I leaned forward and pinched both of them.

"Oh, jessssssus!" Peter groaned. His cock thumped loudly against his muscled belly. His ass hole gave another series of excruciating shudders. His head rocked from side to side. His mouth was open, his tongue a pink snake wetting the surface of his lips. His eyes, once gone wide with the shock of my initial insertion, were now shut, twitching behind closed lids. His right eye was severely swollen. The saber cut looked vicious now, still raw, its meaty redness an interesting contrast to the neat black asterisks made by the row of stitches.

Goddamn, I was excited! My balls had already elevated, pulled upward from their initial resting on the bench to form a grapefruit-like mass at the base of my still-buried cock. Peter's balls had pulled up also. I watched, fascinated by the way Peter's gonads rolled within the wrinkled flesh of his scrotum.

"Fuck meeee!" Peter squealed loudly. His lower body bouncing so that it pulled up along the neck of my cock and then sank down again.

I savagely dug my fingers into his butt cheeks, lifting his ass upwards again. His suctioning ass hole pulled my loose outer cock skin around my hard inner cock core.

"Screw . . . the . . . shit . . . out . . . of . . . me!" he begged. His hands went claw-like on my legs.

I pushed his lower body down again over my dick. I pulled it up, pushed it down, up, down. I added a complimer

rary little bounce of my own butt against the bench. I could feel the sweat from my ass cheeks making a butterfly stain on the wood.

"Oh, stud, yes . . . oh, yes," Peter grunted. His voice was low, gravelly, being gargled somewhere deep within his throat.

God, he was handsome! He was made even more handsome by the cut I'd made on his eyebrow. Because that cut signified a man was pinned on my cock: a real, honest-to-goodness man. In a world of technological marvels, he'd had the guts to stand man to man on a battlefield. He'd known the exultation of fear, and the pump of adrenalin through his veins: a natural high that beat all to shit any of those had on narcotics or chemicals. It was a type of thrilling few can experience in this day and age where man (the need to give battle imprinted on his genes), is forced to the point of frustration by wars that are fought by inanimate machines and where death, although numbered in the millions, can still supply no one face to be seen in closeup.

Is the *Mensur*, then, a reversion to the primitive, a yearning for simpler days? Maybe so. But, it offers satisfaction to a basic need within me, within Peter, within Roph, within countless other men in Germany, and a growing number here in the States. It satisfies a craving just as Peter and I screwing satisfies those lusts which occasionally swell to the bursting point and threaten to consume each and every one of us unless we do something about them.

"Oh . . . please . . . yes . . . please," Peter begged. And, I gave him what he wanted. I gave him my cock. I fucked his butt. I screwed his ass. And, I did it not because I was the victor, he the vanquished. I did it because the two of us had shared something between us which had brought us as close, if not closer, together than the mere uniting of our bodies was now doing. We'd dipped back into the past, dredging up collective memories of ancestors who belonged to a simpler day and age: a time when there were less reasons to question our own masculinity, if just because the guidelines that determined our identities had been more clearly defined for us then. We'd peeked back into that other time, and we'd seen our worth. We'd judged and been judged by others. We'd come out more confident of whom we were, and where we were in the mighty scheme of things. And, who is there to deny that we're better off for having achieved that inner revelation?

"Oh . . . my . . . God . . . I'm . . . cuming!" Peter groaned. And, he was! His thick wads of spunk were pumping free while his untouched cock was going into ejaculatory spasms. Streamers were being laid down in lacy designs on Peter's belly, chest, and neck.

"Take it, stud," I commanded. "Jesus . . . God . . . take it!"

I dropped his butt one final time down over my penis. I clutched hard to his buns. I fired hot and heavy loads into his body.

He is man. I am man. There is no one on God's green earth who can any longer tell us differently.

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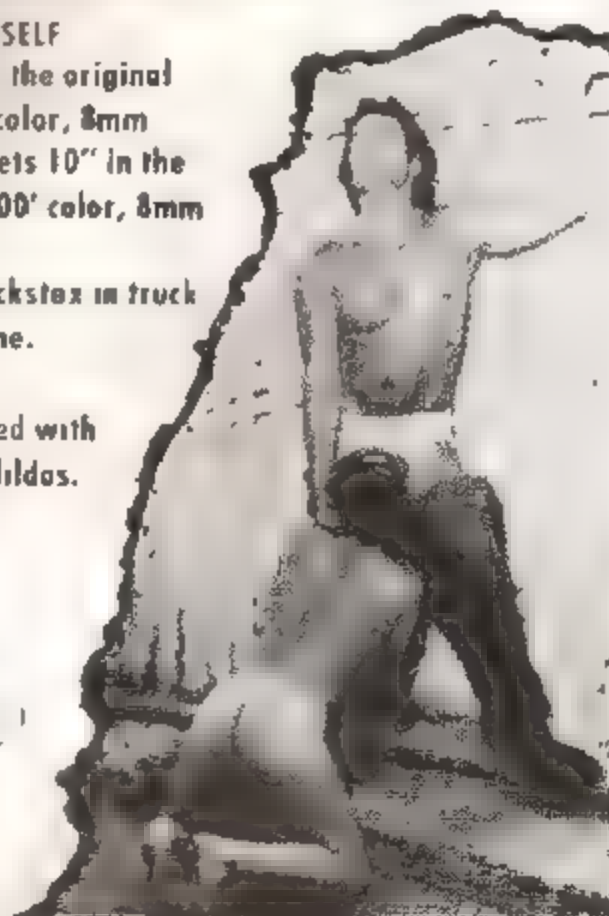
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MALECALL

Continued from page 65.

UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL

I just bought your anniversary issue, and will keep on buying them. But I would like to see more back views of muscle men in all positions. The drawing of Cancer was great. My tongue came to a point.

I can't wait for the next issue. I will remember the cancer drawing every night.

Please do an article on the horror of circumcision. That scar tissue is ugly. And since civilization discovered soap and water, we don't need it. A doctor only cuts the foreskin because there is nothing else to cut.

Thank you.

AL

MS.

We have noticed that the "Bar Scene" has the wrong listing for Kansas City. You show the Pit as the bar in Kansas City. The Pit has been closed for about two years and now is reopened under a new name and is a girls' bar.

DEVIL'S ISLAND REVISITED



Regarding the excellent article on Devil's Island in recent issue. You might like to show the actual island in photograph. It is very small as shown in this photo taken from neighboring Ile Royale... cool breezes, insect free, good fishing and reasonable swimming (the water is not very clear due to the floods of river mud in the rainy season) has made it the vacation resort for local people.

The old warders mess on the top of Mount Royale is now a simple youth hostel like resort with dormitory and simple accommodations. Excellent French cuisine and wine is available. Why did Robert Redford ever want to leave!

Brian
New York City

It is time to seal up your toilet. The public works department of Beatrice, Nebraska, recently discovered that their newly installed \$12,000 high-pressure sewer cleaner could cause water in some bathroom toilets to shoot as high as the ceiling. Just one of those peculiar things.

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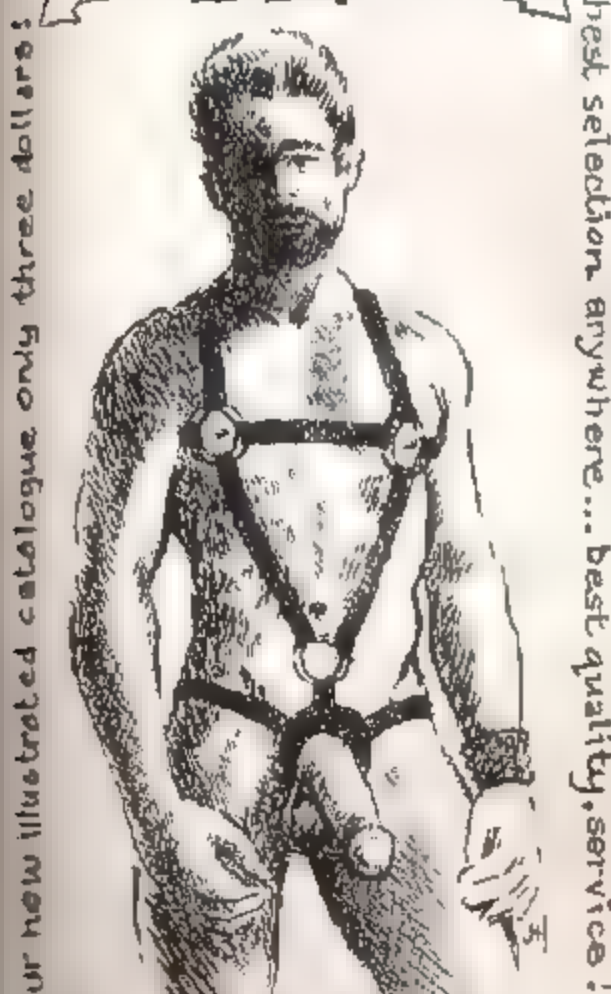
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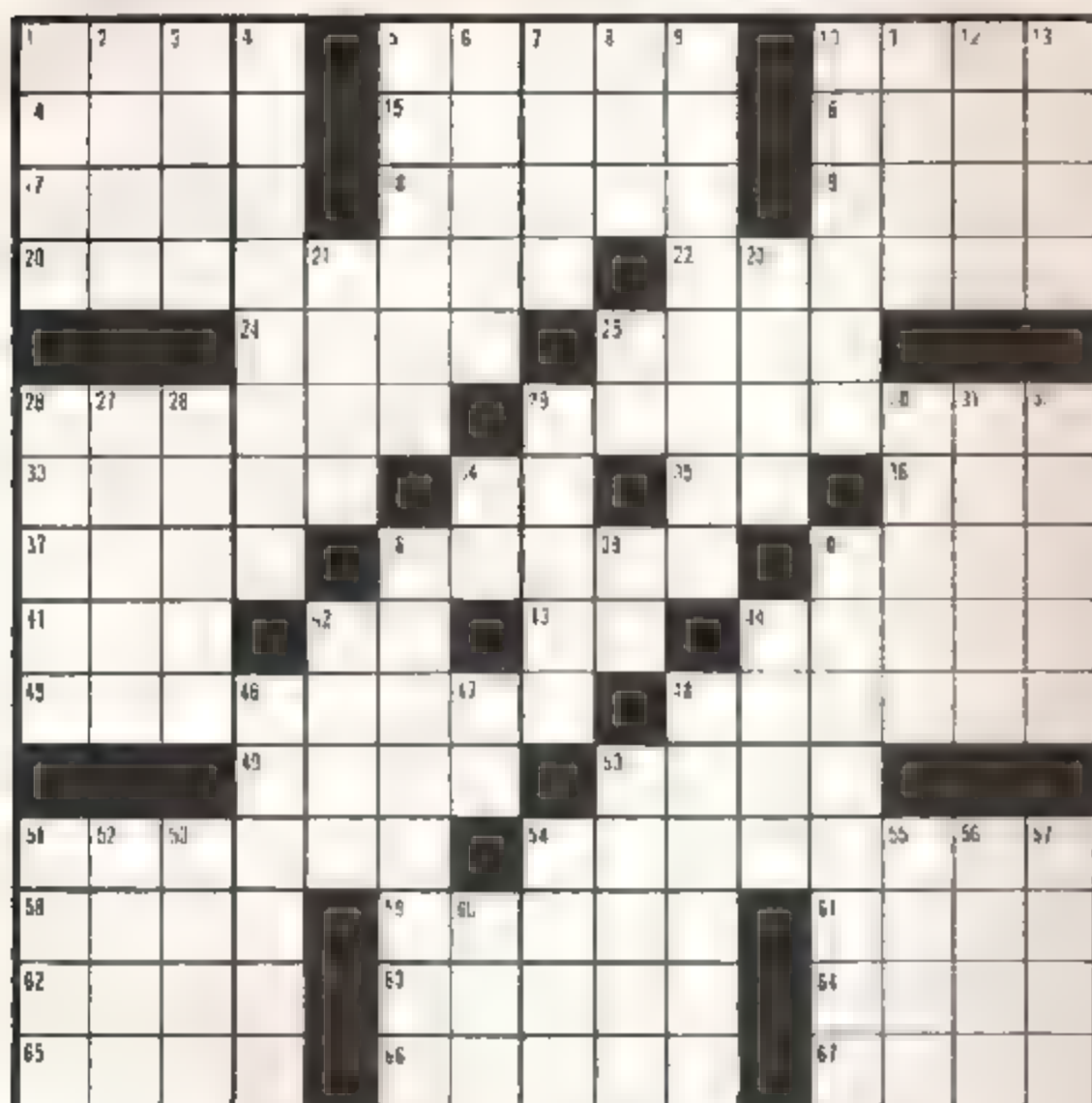
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CROSS WORDS



SUBJECT
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ACROSS

- 1* Gay
- 5* Shit (pref.)
- 10* Type of bird.
- 14 Culture medium.
- 15 Expand.
- 16 Came in second to the tortoise
- 17 Babylonian god of pestilence.
- 18 Largest African antelope.
- 19* Greek god of love.
- 20* Blind up
- 22* Prick, asshole and balls.
- 24* More than a slave's worth
- 25* — for you (hunt).
- 26* Act against nature?
- 29* Rack men.
- 33 A rag, —, and a hank of hair.
- 34* A word not in a slave's vocabulary
- 35 — the twig is bent, . . .
- 36 Auto club.
- 37 What chicken hawks are likely to become.
- 38* Chief call girl.
- 40* Strikes.
- 41* Stinging bees.
- 42 Ex st.
- 43* Where to put it.
- 44 Untrue.
- 45* Kiss.
- 48* One of the things a slave isn't.
- 49* Incorrect singular for buns
- 50* LA Plays Itself maker
- 51* Topman.
- 54 Wheedled, cajoled.
- 58 Equal (pref.)
- 59 Without harm (pref.)
- 61 Of aircraft
- 62 Pike.
- 63* Pricks.
- 64* DRUMMER'S suite.
- 65* Masters —, slaves give.
- 66 Russian whip.
- 67 Sun (good for oranges but not gays — Anita Bryant).

DOWN

- 1* A fetish for some
- 2* Monster
- 3* Roman god of war.
- 4 Speeches.
- 5* How some like their jocks
- 6 Eyelashes.
- 7 Moslem prayer call.
- 8* Qualifies for a 9+ club
- 9 Output of an onidograph.
- 10 — is one of the larger African antelopes.
- 11* A good Master is a — avis.
- 12* Pumping —
- 13* Military eating "club."
- 21* Where Christians were lion feed.
- 23 Hard places to get out of.
- 25 Corn state.
- 26 Vanzetti partner.
- 27* Phallic instruments.
- 28 Until, in prescriptions.
- 29* The ultimate masochistic trip is —
- 30* Place to tie the heroine to in melodramas.
- 31 Don't — — fast (parental table instruction)
- 32 German rage.
- 34 North America.
- 38* Also found in a butcher shop.
- 39 Article
- 40 Grub for 41 across.
- 42* B ush-black.
- 44* Boot fillers.
- 46* Released one.
- 47 Musical note.
- 48 Father to some.
- 50* Very popular comment.
- 51 What M&M's do in the mouth.
- 52* The basic material for water sports (Latin)
- 53* Go down.
- 54* Big nut.
- 55* Jeans maker.
- 56 Sister of Ares.
- 57* Directive.
- 60 Negative prefix.

SOLUTION NEXT ISSUE



FROM THE BOOT RACK

Through our B.A.S. (Boot Appreciation Society) that was formed, largely as a result of an article in Drummer No. 13, we have received many inquiries about boot love. Some, just idle curiosity, but the greater number anxious to learn more because they have the same feelings that seem to run in that direction. From these 137 letters received so far, the latest arriving from Nova Scotia — the following composite of a 'boot-legger' seems to appear

Age — middle Thirties. Height — 5'10" to 6'. Color of hair — blond and eyes blue.

Sexual role preferred — Masoch'stic or boot slave. (This doesn't always hold up, and I have seen the roles reversed, circumstances permitting.)

Average boot size — 9½ to 10½ with rarities wearing anywhere from size 6 to a size 13.

Type of boots preferred seem to always be the same and I will list them as the 'bootist' prefers them in his physical contact and in his fantas'es. The numbers indicate the preferences of their desires First — second — third, etc.

1. Police
2. Engineer
3. Frye brand
4. Cowboy boots (square-toed or needle-pointed)
5. Harness boots sometimes with removable harness straps
- 6 Paratrooper jump boots
7. Tall, lace-up lineman's boots — lug

soles

8. Construction or laced worker's boots

All boots strictly leather — very little rubber, if at all. The taller the boot, the better.

Condition of the boots — mostly worn or dirty with 'character lines' — no cracked leather, run-down heels or holes in the soles which indicates an uncaring wearer. Very few like highly polished boots and after a healthy boot session very little shoe is left on them anyway.

When worn in connection with boots, the outfits with the greatest appeal are in order of preference: 1. Policeman, 2. All leather, 3. Military, 4. Cowboy with faded and/or torn levis.

Finally, the question most often asked me by phone, letter or public contact is: "Arne, how do you recognize a 'boot-legger', a guy that digs boot action and is very heavy into the boot scene?"

My answer is that there usually is no way to recognize one — unless you meet in public one with gleaming boots and uniform or completely leather-clad. Sometimes, he will stuff his pants into his boots for the viewer to see the entire boot and suffer pleasantly a hard-on.

A boot fetish, like any other fetish — is a very personal — a very private thing and the fetishist does not wear a card around his neck proclaiming to the world what he is. And to him a boot is made to be worshiped — to smell its leather — to touch and to make love to. How much more than this can I explain to a total stranger, or even a friend?

Totally inanimate — yet a boot supplies all that the 'bootist' needs, longs for, and happily receives, though preferably with a foot in it. And if the boot be empty, he imagines the wearer until the real, masculine guy comes along to fill it and that guy is usually masculine. So, for size, try on this true incident.

ALLEY SCENE

I had been drinking too much that afternoon, and needed some food to fill my gut. Otherwise I was apt to fall flat on my face on the city sidewalk. I paid for my order across the counter at some greasy spoon, and took the slop back to an empty booth. Unsteadily I wolfed the food down quickly so I wouldn't have to smell it.

Outside the plate glass window I saw the guy standing — youngish, business suit and tie, high-polished cordovan shoes. And he was most interested in me, or was it my boots? Naw, it was my good-looking boots.

Vice-squad, maybe?

Nope! Wrong again. He acted much too nervous as he pretended to watch for a bus. What the hell did he want my boots for? They wouldn't fit him. His gaze seemed riveted on them though, so what the hell, let him have a real good look.

I stuck both legs out in the aisle, crossed one boot over the other, then uncrossed them and moved them from side to side so their burnished color would catch the sickly neon light from overhead. I raised one boot up on my knee so he could feast his eye on the

underslung heel, the sole, and sharp pointed toe. I slowly sipped my black coffee, while out of the corner of my eye I watched him go out of his mind. This guy was really suffering, wetting his lips, swallowing. No one's boots could make a guy that sex hungry, could they? And what in hell was wrong with the shoes he was wearing? Maybe boots were his big turn-on instead. Maybe he got a charge out of my stinking socks, or wanted to suck on my toes.

I was curious . . .

It looked like he was coming in, but you couldn't do anything here, so better to meet him outside on neutral ground. I moved out into the hot, stinking night air of the city and he approached, nervously.

"Nice night."

"Yeah, if you're deaf and blind," I shot back.

He glanced down at my feet. "Those are good looking boots you've got on. I really dig 'em."

"Yeah?" I answered. "Paid enough for them. They're tall under my levis, but they make my legs sweat on a night like this."

He laughed nervously. "I bet you saw me watching you there in the window."

"I noticed." Cut the small talk, I told myself. If he wants something, let him make the first pitch. I didn't know what he had in mind, nor was I about to stand around for any length of time to find out. I turned to go.

"Ah, wait a minute sir. I really dig your boots."

"You said that already," I answered back, slowing down my gait.

"I mean, what I'd really like to do is, I mean I'd sure like to, well, to just dust off your boots." Hesitantly. Fearfully. Hopefully.

I turned. "I don't see any shine cloth dangling from your back pocket."

"Don't worry about that, please sir. I'll even give you five dollars if you'll let me clean 'em up for you."

I was still a little tipsy, but money was money, and though I wasn't a hustler, it would make back the money I had drunk up. I looked down at my boots, a little sawdust covering some spots, and a smudge here and there from the bars' brass foot-rails. "Okay," I nodded. "But let's make it ten dollars. There are two boots here, so let's make it five dollars per boot."

He stopped in total shock. "But I've only got five bucks cash on me." Plainly he was hurt, and plainly I could feel it. Maybe he was lying, and probably his wallet was just stuffed with credit cards. Anyway, I was in no condition for bargaining as I leaned against the brick wall with one hand. "Okay, five bucks then. Gimme." I held out my other hand. He decided to trust me, and pulled out the money from his jacket pocket and put it in my hand. "Okay buddy, now where's your car?"

"I don't have a car. I ride the bus."

"Oh shit." I must have looked dumb-founded. "You mean you're going to get right down here on the sidewalk and have a go at my boots? With what your hanky?"

"Not really," he moaned. "I'm not very brave, but I thought we could walk

down this alley here a way."

I looked at him again. He was young, but I could handle him, even boozed up as I was. And I had the money. I could have walked away, but I was still curious. Let the fool have his way with my boots.

Further down the dirty, stinking cobble-stone alley we stopped. A few feet away a drunk had passed out among the garbage cans. Some distance further a wino was swaying while taking a piss.

"Now what?" I asked.

He gently guided my back up against a brick wall, which put me on my guard unnecessarily, for he merely dropped to his knees before my booted feet. At first I thought he was going to unbutton my levis for a fast blow job, using my boots as a feeble excuse. But he seemed only concerned with my boots, and whipping out his white handkerchief, he gently drew them, one at a time, up into his kneeling lap. Lovingly he wiped my boots down, while his white 'shine cloth' got darker and darker from the grime and polish.

I could tell the tension was building for the two of us. My cock was hard and throbbing, and I felt I only had to jerk it once or twice with my hand to make it shoot. By this time my boot lackey in his clean suit was sprawled out full length in that dirty, pissy, puke-smelling alley. The pointed toe of my cowboy boot was all the way into his mouth, while he had pressed the other boot onto the back of his neck. The drunken wino staggered by, paused to focus his bleary eyes on the scene — then staggered on with the parting remark "Far out." None of us were bothered by this interruption, we were too engrossed.

I liked it. I really dug the sensation of this stranger worshipping my boots, sexually worshipping them. I couldn't take it any longer, and my hand started beating my own meat. He was moaning softly, and started humping his groin. A load of cum shot out of my dick, splattered down on the grimy cobblestones, ran down my leaved leg, and, I don't know, maybe some on the guy's head. But thank God for the building I was leaning against, or I would have toppled over.

I had shot my wad, had quieted down, somewhat sobered, and was ready to go home. I had had enough of this shit, and besides, the guy at my feet had stopped trembling. So, I pulled my boot up from his neck, wiped the sole of it in his hair, then nudged his face away from my other boot and started buttoning up.

He sprang to life again, regained his feet, and wiped off the head of his dick and the cum from the leg of my pants. His tie was awry, his white collar black from my boot, the front of his jacket and slacks were smudged. "Wow! You're the greatest!" he said.

"Yeah, so I've been told," I answered as we parted company. He walked one way down the alley and I, the other. I turned once to see him brushing his hair and wiping his dirtied face with the already soiled handkerchief. Or was he inhaling boot polish or the stink of my cum? Five dollars for that scene which buried itself forever in my memory.

— Arneil Larsen

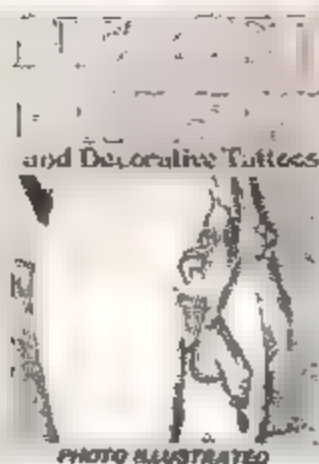


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WEEKEND MOTORCYCLE RUNS IN THE LOS ANGELES AREA

In the last issue, the history of Motorcycle Clubs in the Los Angeles area along with their contribution to the S&M community was discussed. In this issue we will discuss one of their most common activities, the Weekend Run. Future issues will be devoted to other activities.

Motorcycling in Los Angeles is a year-round activity slowing down only when the area is deluged with an intense winter rain storm that is likely to occur anytime between October 15th and March 15th.

Because most of the camping areas are in the mountains where snow can occur at any time during the storm season making outdoor activities unpleasant, the weekend runs are generally limited to the summer months. The first run occurs over Easter Weekend and the last occurs in the middle of October. Although the weekend runs are generally scheduled every other week, the calendar sometimes becomes crowded with several in a row.

Popular sites for a weekend are in the nearby San Bernardino and San Gabriel Mountains. For long weekends, sites range from The Coast Range between Los Angeles and San Francisco to the Sierra Nevada Range and the Mother Lode Country of Gold Rush Days. Local ranches are also popular sites.

A typical run requires a lot of planning and work by the host club. First a theme must be selected, a campsite obtained, and equipment to cook rounded up. Then the menu is selected, games and a show planned and finally, food, drink and prizes purchased. The cost of a run ranges from \$25 to \$40 per person depending on the costs of the services to be rendered. These costs include the campsite rental, prizes, food and drink. Beer, soda pop and coffee are available at all times. Large meals are served along with an evening cocktail hour. During the run, members of other clubs often assist the host club and everyone generally pitches in to make the event a success. Attendance may run from a low of 60 to over 250 persons. Typical themes have been "Easter Fiesta," "Weekend on Trolldaugen," "Meanwhile back at the Ranch II," "Gracian Games," "Christmas in July," "The Rose of England or the Second Hand Rose," "Happy Hunting Run," etc.

A weekend run usually begins late Friday afternoon as attendees begin to arrive as they get off work. People arrive at all hours up through Saturday morning. Often on Friday evening there will be a late meal along with the usual beverages. To allow everyone a chance to become acquainted, there will be a campfire and possibly dirty and/or straight

DRUMMER 80

Official Handkerchief Color Code

LEFT HIP POCKET	COLORS	RIGHT HIP POCKET
Fist Fucker	RED	Fist Fuckee
A plunger, a real-live plunger	BLUE	Put your heels on his shoulders
Stamps him as a whipper	BLACK	What else? A whipee
Came straight from the office and didn't have time to change	WHITE	Had time but is signaling non-conformity to the color code
Has eight inches or more and wants it known	MUSTARD	His criterion is size, the bigger the better
"69's" what I've got in mind tonight	ROBINS EGG BLUE	Anything but "69" tonight
Unlimited but wants to discuss pre-Mindan art first	PUCE	Out looking for a discussion of pre-Mindan art
Bondage, likes to tie you up	GREEN	Bondage, likes to be tied up
Emblem for Golden Shower passer	YELLOW	A Golden Shower receiver
Three ways	RUST	Three ways
Army or Marine Corps, Butch	OLIVE DRAB	Same not so butch
Scat	BROWN	Scatee

movies.

Breakfast is usually served late Saturday morning to accommodate late sleepers and arrivals. A registration table is set up to record the attendees and to issue identifying run pins to prevent gate crashers from getting a free ride.

Motorcycle field events usually begin late morning and are spread out over the afternoon and into the next day if it is to be a three day run. There are also people events for those who do not compete on motorcycles. All events are centered around the run theme. Awards for motorcycle field events are broken down into five classes. Lightweight, Driveshaft, Middleweight, Light Heavyweight and Heavyweight. In addition there are awards for novices and buddy riders.

Late afternoon, showers are provided in which the host club tries to make hot water available — often with primitive means. Usually it ends up as a cold, freezing experience.

The evening's events begin with a cocktail hour at various club camp compounds and ends up finally at the main cocktail hour site which is sponsored by the host club. Here the participants show

themselves off, discuss the day's events and relieve their thirst.

Finally, after everyone is saturated, dinner is served and people upon gathering heaping plates of food, spread out, gorging themselves on the gourmet delites devised by the host club.

Following supper, everyone gathers in front of a portable stage for a live pantomime show produced by prominent members of the gay community and for a distribution of awards for the run's events. The show's skits are centered around the run's theme and require the participation of prominent club members. The talent is usually quite good but there can be some busts as there is little rehearsal time. After the show the crowd disperses to do their own thing which includes additional cocktail parties. The last day of the run is a point of exhaustion for the participants. Few take time to rest. Breakfast is served late after morning eye openers. By noon everyone has packed and disappeared.

Attention Motorcycle Clubs! News of your events is being solicited to be published in this magazine. Articles and photographs should be sent to Gary Barnhill, Club Editor.

Gary
So may your experience in the dungeon be enjoyable.

First, I'd like to announce that the "Militia" Motorcycle Club of Norfolk, Virginia has come into existence. Right now we are only 10 strong, but considering that 3 weeks ago, a club had never really existed in this area, that isn't too bad. At present we are formulating plans for runs, beer bashes, etc. for the future, with our first run to the D.C. Eagle to hand our colors (we'll write you when that date is firm). If any of your readers have any suggestions or helpful items as to initiation ceremonies or run activities, we would greatly appreciate hearing from them. % Militia MC, P.O. Box 1842, Norfolk, VA 23501. Our officers are: John M., Commander; James P., Lt. Commander; George M., Lt., Mike M., Sgt. at Arms.



GARY BARNHILL, DRUMMER's new Bike Club and Bar Scene editor is pictured at the right with one of his favorite slaves. Send Bike Club news to Gary direct at 1851 Boca Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90032

RAW MEAT



A. JAY, Illustrator/cartoonist... creator of "HARRY CHESS", the world's first gay cartoon strip, now appearing in DRUMMER, announces the publication of "RAW MEAT". This limited edition portfolio of six solo drawings is beautifully detailed and printed on 8-1/2 x 11" quality stock. Very suitable for framing. If you are into big guys with big pecs, big nipples, and big equipment — this hot set of drawings is for you! A definite must for collectors, connoisseurs and erotic fantasizers!

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MEN'S BAR SCENE MEN'S BAR

THE/ WESTERN/ LEATHER/ WESTERN/ LEATHER/ WESTERN/ LEATHER/ WESTERN/ LEATHER/ WESTERN/ LEATHER/ WESTERN/ LEATH



The Leatherneck

By Jack Fritscher Photos by Jim Stewart

SAN FRANCISCO'S LEATHERNECK BAR ain't your ordinary meatrack tavern. Sure, the 'NECK's a beer bar with wall-to-wall shirtkickers, but upfront macho ain't no pose. Come night time, the right time, dudes head for the Leatherneck like an accident about to happen. Hot, man. Not a Lacoste alligator in the joint. A High Place.

About as high, in fact, as the elevated platform at the USMC Recruit Depot seems to 80 sockfooted jarheads sweating at attention, looking up at some 6' 4", 245-pound DI's bootlace level.

GET THE PICTURE?

Hardass cruising. Like two-fisted combat at the USMC Depot where some little shaved-head boot is gonna be ordered for the first time in his life to take on another man with his bare hands. Palms and 'pits running sweat, man. Breathing hard. Crotch soaking his USMC jock.

Ain't that an ok fantasy walk into the Leatherneck?

Your eyes trip on the black leather. Your ears trip on the country-western wail. And your feet trip on the cleated boots standing toe to toe, crotch to crotch. Having a heatwave, man.

The Leatherneck's a bal room rotten to the Corps. Leather nights at 11th and Folsom are like the contact classes the USMC calls "Physical Instruction with vigor." Outside, the big bikes and heavy pickup trucks are parked. *Waiting.* Inside, any little disciplinary problems with a dude and you bet his buddies strap him down to the fastest bondage rack in town. Brig rats are a house specialty, stretched out in full leather, secured up on a cross six feet above the bar. That's how the Leatherneck does a social 'security' number.

A NOTE TO PUSSYCATS

But don't worry if you're down there on your first visit. You're safe. Heh. Heh. The action is totally consenting. S and M at the Leatherneck means, above all, Sensuality and Mutuality. The only thing that happens is what you want to happen.

MAN TO MAN

Shoulder to shoulder, dudes get bolder, hanging around the smokey back bars, shooting pinballs where guys with pinned balls score high. The front bar at the Leatherneck is long. The layout is laid back into a maze of rooms with something for everyone. By midnight's



MEN'S BAR SCENE MEN'S BAR

HER / WESTERN / LEATHER / WESTERN / LEATHER / WESTERN / LEATHER / WESTERN / LEATHER / WESTERN / LEATHER / WESTERN / LEATH



ee bitching hour, pool balls are hitting
rd in the side pockets. Guys in leather
rnesses are eyeball ng husky uniformed
pes whose handcuffs are gonna click
sp down cold around the wrists of some
ry willing cowboy.

Drop your beer change on the floor
d you go down like a drowning man for
e third time. A lifetime flashes by of
as-ripped denim, jockstraps, criscoed
ather, oiled chests rippl ng under pec-
colored vests, sweaty abdominals exposed
rough torn-off Leatherneck teeshirts,
ceps banded with studs, codpieced
aps in chaps, thick belts, and boots of
1001 knights waiting for tongue-shine,
d headed for the long porcelain trough
the back room.

When/ f you come up for a'r/amyi,
ou know this a'n't Alice's Restaurant.
s Alan Lowery's Basic Training Room.
e Leatherneck has hot murals by A.
y. It has oiled pees and a yard of cock
ared by four of the hottest barmen on
e Coast. The Leatherneck ain't exactly
ntasy. The Leatherneck trip is real.



Bar none, the Leatherneck is San Francisco's ultimate bar of the Seventies. LAVESDROPPING

The other night, at the christening of A. Jay's second of four murals, one of those green-fatigue types was running a small conversation back in a dark corner on two muscled dudes of lesser leather rank.

MEN'S BAR SCENE MEN'S BAR

THUR / WESTERN / LEATHER / WESTERN / LEATHER / WESTERN / LEATHER / WESTERN / LEATHER / WESTERN / LEATHER / WESTERN / LEATH



"Choke 'im, fucker," the DI said to his recruit who was a tit too "gentle" with the man he was mauling on command. He rubbed the USMC tattoo on his forearm. (USMC tattoos get you discounts at the bar.) Like the Leatherneck itself, this leatherneck DI was the real thing. About thirty. Himself recent Marine meat. He still liked drilling. Especially after sundown. "Back at my playroom, I'll show you two what you do after you pin your man down."

A small part of the Leatherneck crowd circled tight in on this close encounter.

"First you dropkick the fucker."

"Sir, yessir," the blond recruit whispered back.

"That's the real way. 'Course the way we're gonna play it," and the large man in the USMC fatigues put his sweat-ringed arms around his two boys, "is gonna be a little bit different." And he walked them

out the Leatherneck door, past Bill, the heavy-chested bouncer, who smiled after this good threeway match made in the heaven of the Leatherneck.

ANYPLACE IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT

So at the Leatherneck, you can love 'em tender and you can love 'em nice and easy. But if you "never do nothin' nice and easy," the Leatherneck's for sure your happy hunting ground. Because it ain't no statue bar, man. The Leatherneck means action.

At the Leatherneck, men celebrate being men.

Ain't nowhere else quite like Lowery's Leatherneck. It ain't a bad little nightspot for about 500 guys in a little 7-mile by 7-mile fishing village called San Francisco.

For a celebration of machide and for close encounters of the leather kind, try it. Weeknights, 8-2. Weekends, 2-2. Man alive!



DISC news



When Lou Phillips & Ken Reid of Hot Waffle Record Company came across "FIST" GOODBODY'S TRAVELING TORTURE SHOW on the fair circuit last year they couldn't believe their eyes (or ears)! It was like something out of the Dark Ages — a veritable smorgasbord of sinew, sweat and good old down-home S&M! Paying their money they went inside the canvas theater, and there along with two hundred or so other customers — watched as the KING OF KINK, "Fist" Goodbody himself, put his hired (how acquired?) slaves through tortures and humiliations which caused several members of the audience to actually pass out cold! (Goodbody's *coup de grace*, which he calls FISTS' FLUSH, combines a type of barbed wire cockring with an enema of rock salt and carbonated water with excruciatingly painful results.)

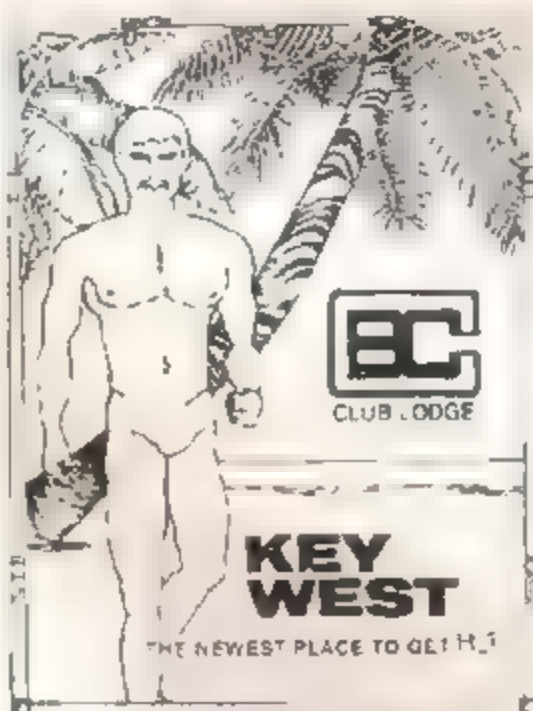
Phillips & Reid, DRUMMER readers from the mags inception, sought to meet and interview "Fist" after the show. They learned the 27 year old Master is surely a meat-eater, practices what he performs, loves to ride his custom built bikes (he owns four), is partial to SCAT, WATER SPORTS and FEET, and got his nickname from the football team he captained in college. On the road fifty weeks out of the year with his Traveling Torture Show, "Fist" Goodbody owns a penthouse in New York and a sprawling mansion in Malibu overlooking the beautiful sea; he stays at one or the other when not traveling.

Phillips & Reid came up with the idea of recording "Fist" in action, and the two produced the highest quality S&M album ever, "Fist" Goodbody's *Traveling Torture Show*.

Thinking the album to be "too controversial" for the general public, Hot Waffle's distributors flatly refused to handle it, so the label is going mail order to reach "Fist's" audiences.

Goodbody's delighted with the results of the recording sessions, and is already busy putting together a second album which promises to be every bit as exciting as the first. Special thanks go to Lou & Ken for discovering "Fist" and making it all happen.

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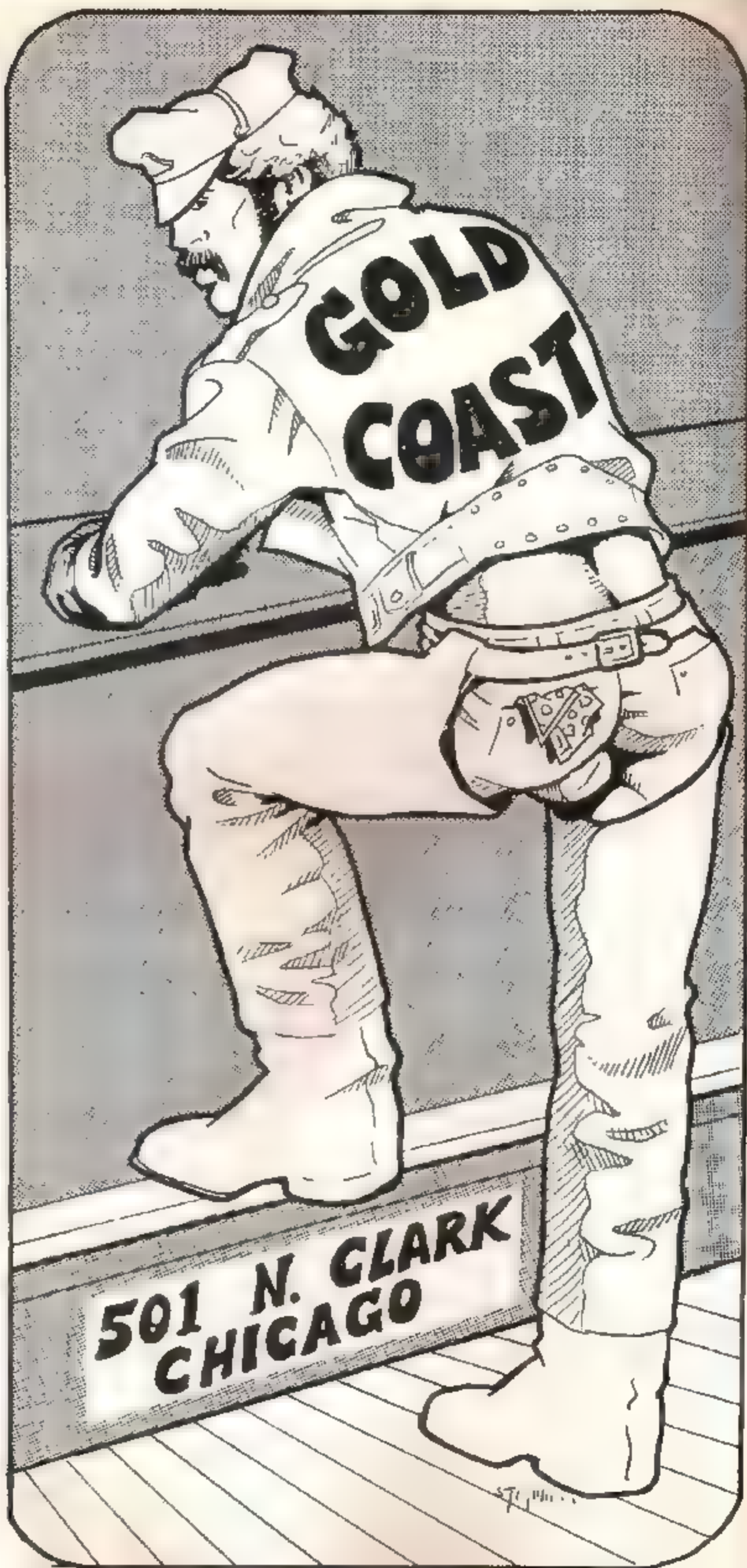


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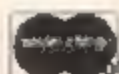
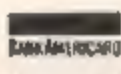


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